

SERVICE RECORD
WORLD WAR I AND II
HIDALGO COUNTY

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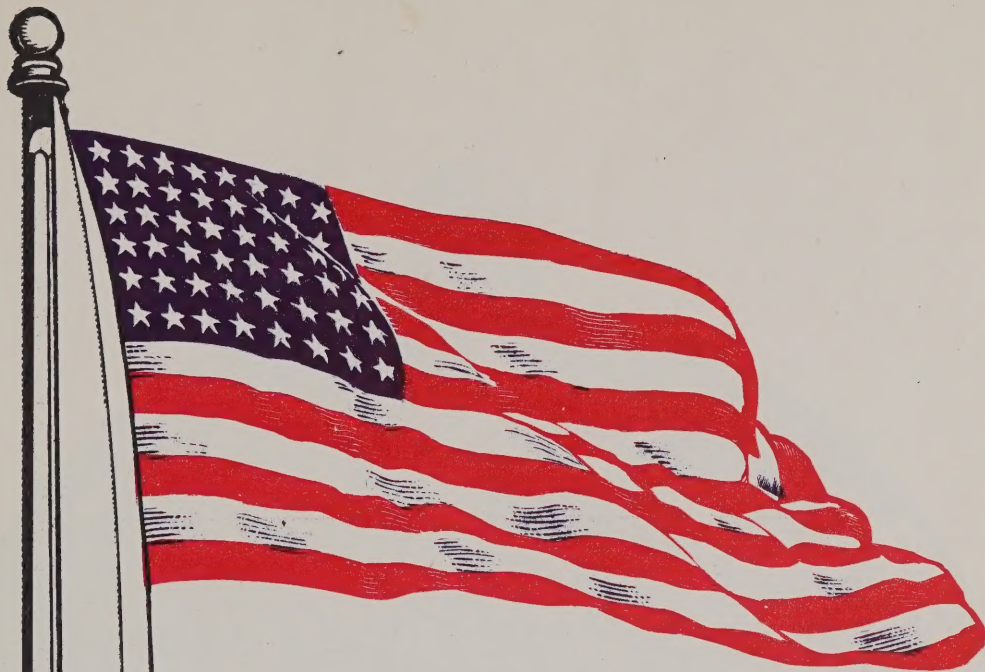
M. L.

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

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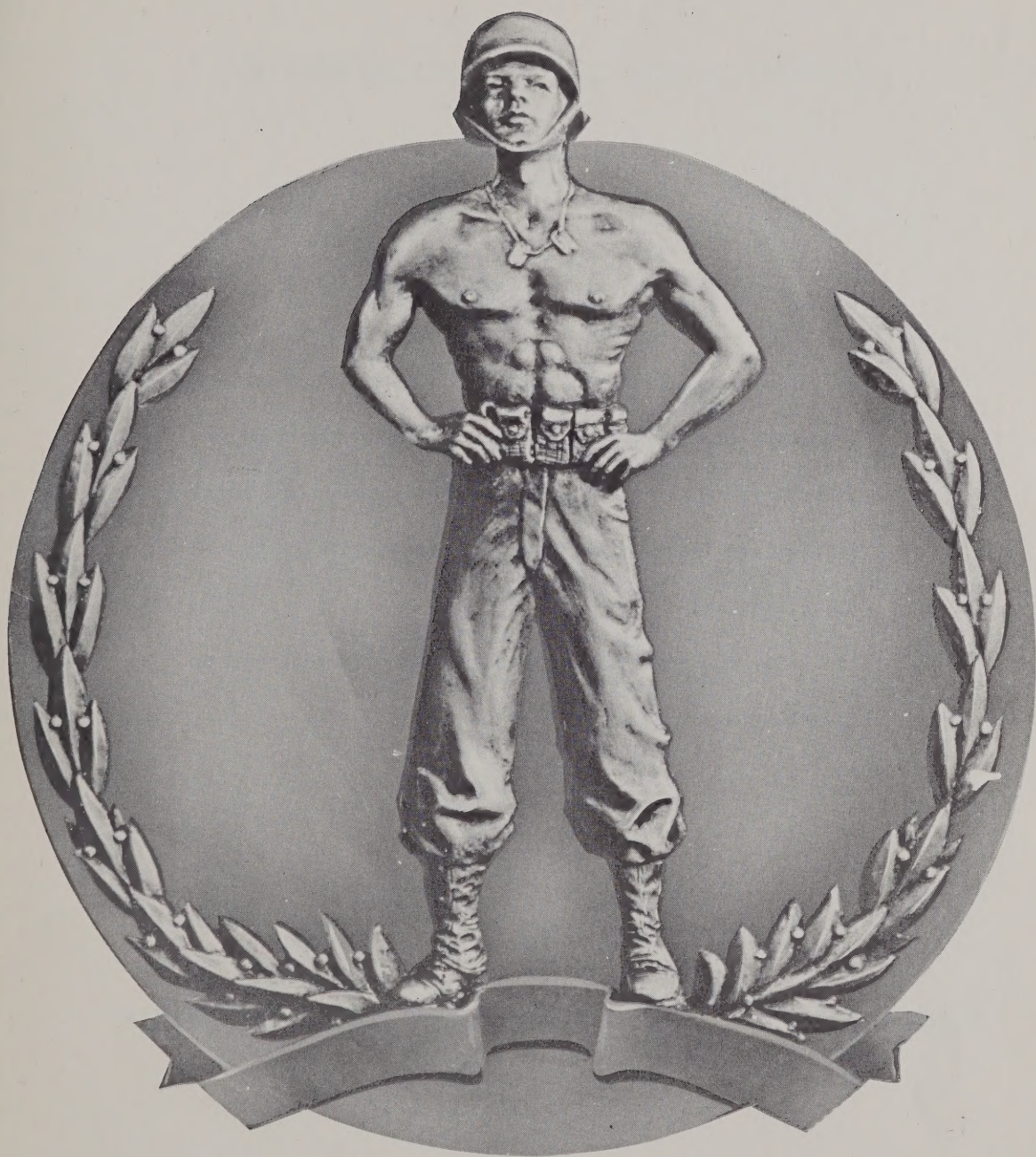


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"I pledge allegiance to the flag
of the United States of America
and to the Republic for which it
stands, one Nation indivisible
with liberty and justice for all"





This annual is dedicated with humble respect and gratitude to the men and women who gave their lives and served their country so nobly to protect our rights, liberty and freedom that we now are privileged to continue to have.

May this work be a permanent record that will be a lasting memory of their great deeds.

SERVICE RECORD BOOK OF MEN AND WOMEN

OF

Hidalgo County

Sponsored by the

of U.S. N.M.
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VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS
Post 3099
Lordsburg, New Mexico

Oct. 7, 1949

Robert M. Castle
Assistant Editor
Lordsburg, New Mexico

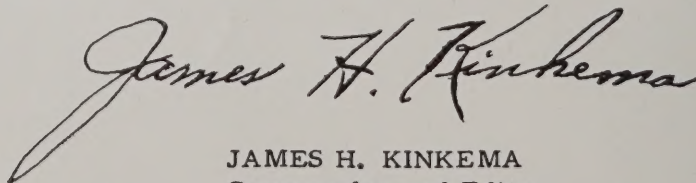
It is my desire as commander of the Post 3099, Lordsburg, New Mexico, to give the veterans and community a complete resume of the story of our men and women veterans, to give them the full due credit that they so rightly deserve, and at the same time to not forget the patriotic citizens and public officials that have been so cordial and instrumental in making this annual possible.

Thus the story of the Service Record of the Men and Women and the History of Hidalgo County, New Mexico has been begun and been finished through the most gracious help of the following people:

Mrs. John T. Muir, a most honored pioneer, who is as much a part of the lore of Hidalgo County as Lordsburg itself. Mrs. Mary Dee (Rex) Kipp, daughter of Mrs. Muir, who does most of the writing as Mrs. Muir relates the histories and gems of the past. Miss Merle Horzman, an author, at one time Secretary of the Lordsburg Chamber of Commerce. Mr. E. C. Vollmar, Editor and Publisher of the Lordsburg Liberal, who contributed greatly with pictures. Mr. J. R. Springer, Principal of the Animas High School. Rev. Paul Chambliss, Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Rodeo. Mrs. Luella S. Clark, of Lordsburg, New Mexico. Mrs. John Jones of Virden, New Mexico. C. G. and Paul Malott, Lordsburg, New Mexico. The Ladies Auxiliary, Mrs. J. R. Poindexter, President, who forever stands behind the principles that this volume presents.

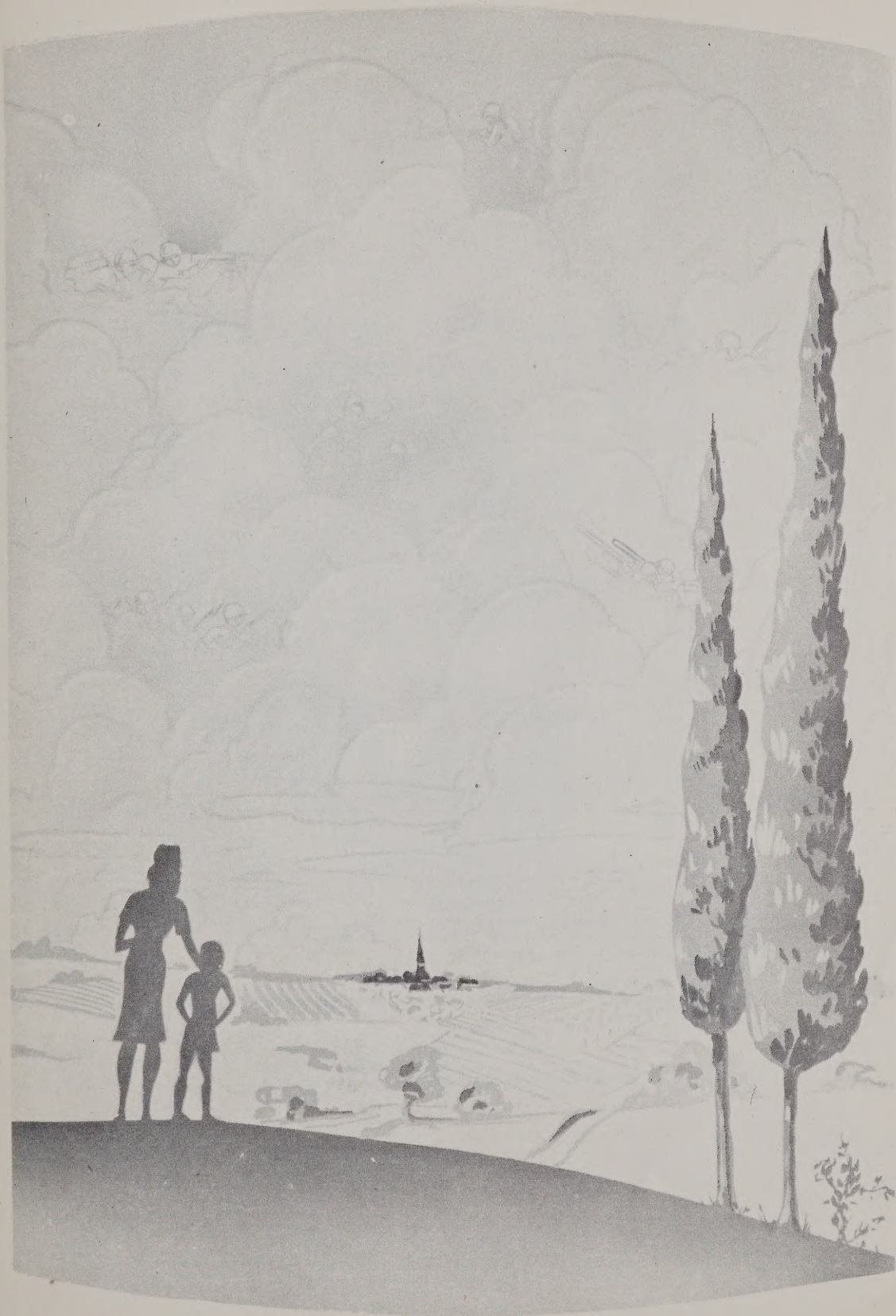
In appreciation of these contributions, we proudly assume our duties and responsibilities as members of an organization that stands pledged to maintain and strengthen the institutions of respect for which this book stands and for our American liberty.

Yours for Comradship,



JAMES H. KINKEMA
Commander and Editor

1537213



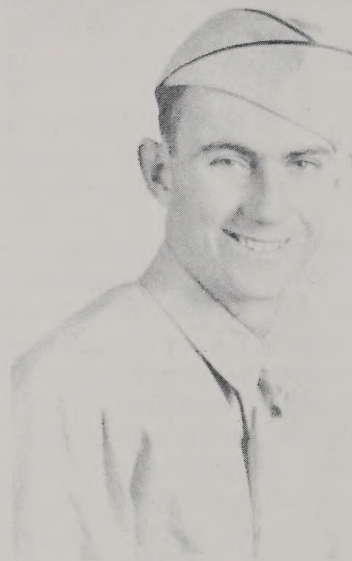
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Arthur Clark

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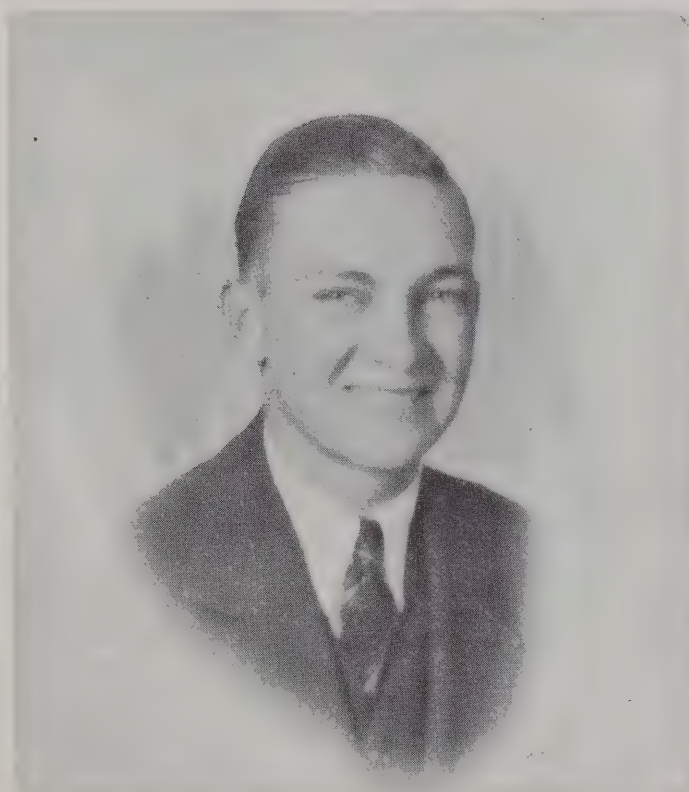
WORLD WAR II GOLD STAR BOYS



EUGENE BURRUS

Entered Service: January 8, 1940 at Deming, New Mexico.
Branch of Service: Army - 200th CH (Antiaircraft Artillery).
Overseas: August 29, 1940 - Philippines.
Rank: Private.
Captured on Corregidor April 6, 1942.
Lost his life October 24, 1944 from ship sinking in China Sea on way to Japan as
Prisoner of War.

GOLD STAR BOYS



GEORGE M. JONES

Branch of Service: 200th National Guard.

Rank: Technical Sergeant.

Died October, 24, 1944 while serving in the Philippines.

"MEN WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY"

Luz Rivera Salinas
Hilaro Gallegos
George M. Jones
Alvin William Sharp
Hugh Blake Nance, Jr.
Lorenzo Guerrera
Francisco Figueroa
Ercel E. Petty
Alfonsa Beltri
Hubert Jeffus
Gene Burruss
Eugene Vaughan
James Stough Miller

"A YANK MEETS GOD"

Look God, I have never spoken to You,
But now I want to say "How do you do."
You see God, they told me you didn't exist
And like a fool, I believe all this.

Last night, from a shell hole, I saw your sky,
I figured right then they had told me a lie,
Had I taken time to see things you made,
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.

I wonder God, if you'd shake my hand,
Somehow I feel that you'll understand.
Funny, I had to come to this hellish place,
Before I had time to see your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,
But I'm sure glad God, I met you today,
I guess the zero hour will soon be here
But I'm not afraid since I know you're near.

The Signal: . . . Well God, I'll have to go
I like you a lot, I want you to know.
Look now: This will be a horrible fight,
Who knows, I may come to your house tonight.

Though I wasn't friendly to you before,
I wonder God, if you'd wait at your door.
Look: I'm crying: Me shedding tears:
I wish I had known you these many years.

Well, I have to go now, God. Good-bye:
Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid to die.

This prayer was written by a soldier who a few hours later met his Maker in the battle. It was taken from the soldier's body by Mr. James H. Kinkema on the battlefield and the original was sent to the soldier's home town pastor to whom he had addressed the poem.



Around the World ---

WORLD WAR

I II



HENRY W. BEALL

Serial Number: 38010800.

Entered Service: January 31, 1941 at Santa Fe, New Mexico.
Branch of Service: Service Company, 120th Quartermaster Regiment, 45th Infantry Division - Service Company was later changed to 45th Quartermaster Company, 45th Infantry Division. Trained at Fort Sill, Oklahoma; Camp Barkeley, Texas; Fort Devens, Massachusetts; Pine Camp, New York; Camp Pickett, Virginia. Overseas: June 8, 1943 from Newport News, Virginia for Oran, Africa.
Engagements: Initial landing with the 45th Division on Sicily, July 10, 1943, Naples-Foggia, Rome-Arno, Southern France, Rhineland, Central Europe, Anzio Beachhead.
Decorations: 7 Battle Stars; Good Conduct Medal; French Croix De Guerre with Silver Star.
Discharged: June 23, 1945 at Fort Bliss, Texas.
Rank: Technical Sergeant.



HENRY A. BROWN

Entered Service: November 8, 1917 at Norton, Virginia.
Branch of Service: U. S. Army - last assigned to N. G. Company, 315th Infantry, 79th Division.
Engagements: Verdun Front.
Decorations: 1 Gold Service Chevron.
Discharged: June 3, 1919 at Camp Meade, Maryland
Rank: Corporal.



WILLIAM LEON BRUCE

Entered Service: January 8, 1940 at Deming, New Mexico.
Branch of Service: Army - 200th Coast Artillery (Anti-aircraft Artillery).
Overseas: August 29, 1940 for Philippines.
Captured on Bataan March, 1942 and sent to Japan as Prisoner of War in 1944.
Discharged: About September, 1946.
Rank: Staff Sergeant.



JAMES WELDON BURRUSS

Entered Service: March 8, 1942 at Fort Bliss, Texas.
Branch of Service: Engineers.
Trained at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.
Overseas: July 1, 1942 - Landed in Scotland. Served 23 months in England building Airfields. Landed in France June 12, 1945, then on into Germany building Air Strip
Returned to U. S.: October 1, 1945.
Discharged: October 11, 1945 at Fort Bliss, Texas.
Rank: Sergeant.



FRANCISCO H. CHAIRES, JR.

Date of Enlistment: July 24, 1946.
 Branch of Service: Infantry.
 Trained at Fort Bliss, Texas.
 Served in Japan, Kwangju, Korea.
 Decorations: Army of Occupation Medal.
 Discharged: January 13, 1948 at Camp Stoneman, California.
 Rank: Private First Class.
 Total Time Served Overseas: 1 year.



VICENTE H. CHAIRES

Serial Number: 38715276.
 Entered Service: July 22, 1945.
 Branch of Service: Company "C", 308th Parachute Infantry Regiment.
 Served in Frankfurt, Germany.
 Discharged: June 21, 1948.
 Rank: Sergeant.
 Total Time Served Overseas: 7 months.



RODOLFO CHAVEZ

Entered Service: June 8, 1944.
 Branch of Service: 346th Infantry Regiment, 87th Division.
 Trained at Fort Bliss, Texas.
 Engagements: Ardennes, Rhineland, Central Europe.
 Decorations: Purple Heart and Cluster; Silver Star;
 European Theatre Ribbon; 3 Battle Stars.
 Discharged: December 14, 1945.
 Rank: Private First Class.
 Total Time Served: 1 year, 7 months.



GEORGE H. CLARK

Entered Service: September 23, 1941.
 Branch of Service: First Armored Division.
 Trained at Fort Knox, Kentucky; Fort Dix, New Jersey.
 Overseas: May 31, 1942.
 Theatre of Operations: North Africa.
 Decorations: Purple Heart.
 Returned to U. S.: June, 1943.
 Discharged: July, 1943 at Longview, Texas.
 Rank: Corporal.
 Total Time Served: 23 months.
 Parents: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark.
 Wife: Ardury K. Clark.
 Son: Richard George Clark.



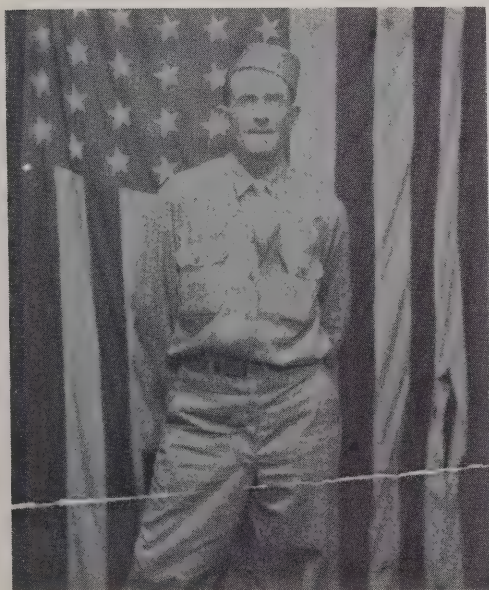
MARGUYS K. COOKSON

Address: Lordsburg, New Mexico.
 Date and Place of Birth: December 14, 1922 at Woodbury, Vermont.
 Date and Place of Enlistment: September 11, 1942 at Boston, Massachusetts.
 Branch of Service: U. S. Marine Corps - Marksman Rifleman - Mortar Crewman and Pioneer.
 Served in the Pacific Area from February 20, 1943 to April 23, 1945.
 Engagements: Participated in Action against enemy at Bougainville and consolidation of Solomon Islands, Iwo Jima, Volcano Islands.
 Decorations: Presidential Citation; Silver Star.
 Discharged: September 18, 1945.
 Rank: Private First Class.
 Total Time Served Overseas: 2 years, 4 months.



ARTURO V. TALAVERA COX

Entered Service: January, 1944.
 Served in Amphibious Force.
 Overseas: June 1, 1944.
 Stationed in Marshall Islands.
 Discharged: April 22, 1946 from Terminal Island, San Pedro, California.



LEWIS J. CROOM

Address: Animas, New Mexico.
 Entered Service: January 10 1942.
 Branch of Service: Armored Field Artillery.
 Trained at Camp Roberts, California; Camp Cooke, California; A. P. Hill, Virginia; Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.
 Overseas: November 2, 1942.
 Theatre of Operations: Africa, Sicily, England.
 Decorations: 2 Battle Stars; Distinguished Unit Badge; Good Conduct Medal.
 Returned to U. S.: September 12, 1944.
 Discharged: October 18, 1945 at Monahan Davis Field, Tucson, Arizona.
 Rank: Corporal.
 Total Time Served: 45 months.
 Parents: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Croom.



TELESFORO R. DELGADO

Entered Service: December 22, 1943 at Fort Bliss, Texas.
 Decorations: Asiatic-Pacific Theatre Ribbon; Philippine Defense Ribbon; Good Conduct Medal.
 Discharged: October 25, 1945 at Fort Bliss, Texas.
 Rank: Technician Fifth Grade.



PAUL DELGADO
(No Record)



DAMON DEMAGAN
Entered Service: March 18, 1941.
Branch of Service: Battery A, 200th Coast Artillery (AA).
Arrived Philippine Islands September 16, 1941 and taken
prisoner April 9, 1942 - Released September 12, 1945.
Discharged: June 22, 1946.



THOMAS FUENTES
Date of Enlistment: April 12, 1946.
Branch of Service: 11th Airborne.
Decorations: World War II Victory Medal; Occupation Medal;
Parachute Badge.
Discharged: March 23, 1949
Total Time Served Overseas: 2 years, 2 months, 14 days.

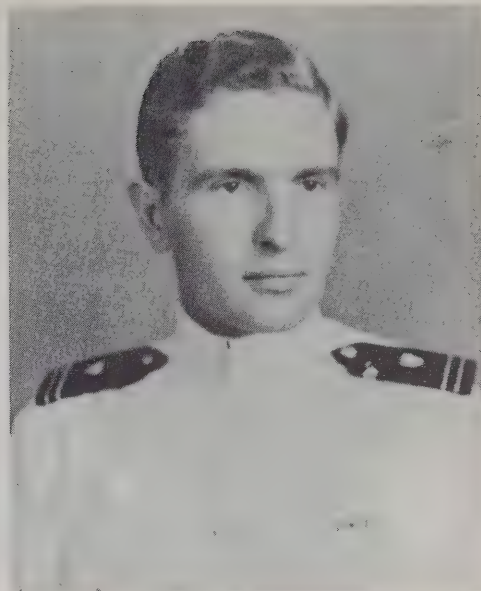


RAYMOND LeROY GALE
Entered Service: June 29, 1943 at Phoenix, Arizona.
Theatre of Operations: Pacific.
Discharged: December 29, 1945 at Shoemaker, California.
Rating: Gunner's Mate Third Class.
Daughter: Barbara Sue Gale - 10-1/2 months.



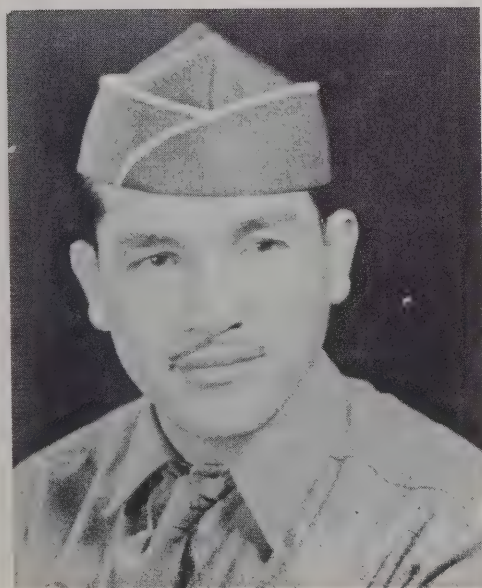
JACK GAUTHIER

Address: Animas, New Mexico.
 Date of Enlistment: October 30, 1944.
 Branch of Service: Air Force.
 Trained at Keesler Field, Mississippi; Scott Field, Illinois;
 Westover Field, Massachusetts.
 Overseas: March 12, 1946.
 Theatre of Operations: European - Meeks Field, Iceland.
 Returned to U. S.: November 23, 1946.
 Discharged: December 22, 1946 at Westover Field,
 Massachusetts.
 Rank: Sergeant.
 Total Time Served: 19 months.
 Remarks: Hold Bluenose Certificate for flight across the
 Arctic Circle.
 Parents: Mr. and Mrs. Felix Gauthier.



JOHN R. GEORGE

Entered Service: August, 1941.
 Branch of Service: U. S. Coast Guard.
 Overseas: June 9, 1944.
 Theatre of Operations: Atlantic, Pacific and Mediterranean.
 Served on USS General Gordon.
 Discharged: July, 1947.
 Rating: Lieutenant.



JOHN G. GUERRERO

Place of Birth: San Antonio, Texas.
 Date and Place of Enlistment: August 8, 1940 at Fort Sam
 Houston, Texas.
 Branch of Service: 96th Division.
 Engagements: Philippine Campaign; Okinawa Campaign.
 Decorations: Good Conduct Medal; American Service Medal;
 American Theatre Campaign Medal; Asiatic-Pacific Campaign
 Medal with 2 Bronze Stars; Philippine Liberation Ribbon with
 1 Bronze Star; Medical Combat Badge.
 Discharged: September 2, 1945.
 Total Time Served Overseas: 1 year, 4 months, 13 days.



THOMAS J. HAWKINS

Entered Service: November 18, 1940.
 Branch of Service: Horse Cavalry.
 Trained at Fort Clark, Texas; Commissioned September 19,
 1942 at Fort Riley Cavalry School, Kansas.
 Theatre of Operations: Far East.
 Served in New Caledonia, New Guinea, Woodlark, Kiriwena,
 New Britain.
 Decorations: Purple Heart; Silver Star; Combat Infantry
 Badge.
 Discharged: November 26, 1946.



HIGINIO A. HERRERA

Date of Enlistment: December 1, 1943.
 Branch of Service: U. S. Navy.
 Trained at Farragut, Idaho.
 Theatre of Operations: South Pacific.
 Discharged: February 16, 1945.
 Rating: Seaman, First Class.



RAYMOND HOOD

Entered Service: January 1, 1943 at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.
 Branch of Service: U. S. Army - Company B, 1315th Engineers.
 Trained at Camp Rucker, Alabama; Camp Sutton, North Carolina; Camp Stoneman, California.
 Overseas to New Guinea, Burma Road as a bulldozer operator, Invasion of Mindanao, Leyte, Luzon.
 Decorations: 3 Battle Stars.
 On December 25, 1945 was shipped to the U. S., arriving here on January 15, 1946.
 Discharged: January 21, 1946 at Fort Bliss, Texas.



HARBER HEATHER

Entered Service: February 5, 1942 at San Diego, California.
 Theatre of Operations: South Pacific.
 Engagements: New Hebrides, Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Iwo Jima.
 Discharged: November 24, 1945 at Fort Bayard, New Mexico.
 Rating: Chief Pharmacist's Mate.



LAW JONES

Entered Service: June 24, 1944 at Los Angeles, California.
 Trained at San Diego, California; Aviation Metalsmith School, Norman, Oklahoma; Naval Air Station, Alameda, California.
 Discharged: April, 1946.
 Rating: Aviation Metalsmith Third Class.
 Children: Jill Ann 4 years; Jackie Lee 2-1/2 years.



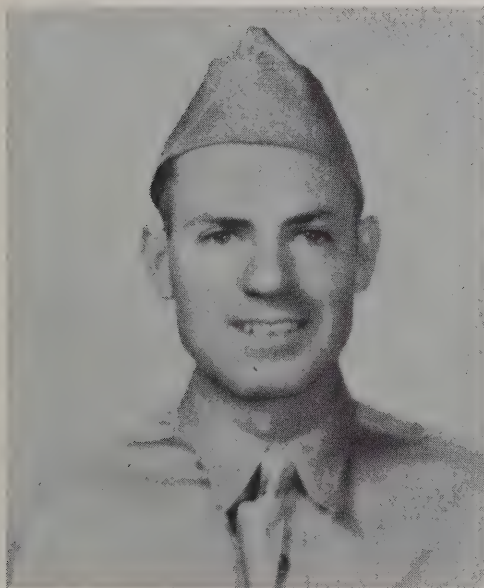
JOHNNIE A. JONES

Date and Place of Enlistment: August, 1940 at Fort Bliss, Texas.
 Trained at Lowry Field, Colorado; Fort Sam Houston, Texas; Camp Kearns, Utah; Sheppard Field, Texas; Sioux Falls, South Dakota; Truax Field, Wisconsin.
 Discharged: October, 1945 at Truax Field, Wisconsin.
 Re-enlisted October, 1945 at Truax Field, Wisconsin and went to USAFE Headquarters, Wiesbaden, Germany.
 Discharged: July, 1948 at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey to be re-enlisted October, 1948.
 Rank: Staff Sergeant.



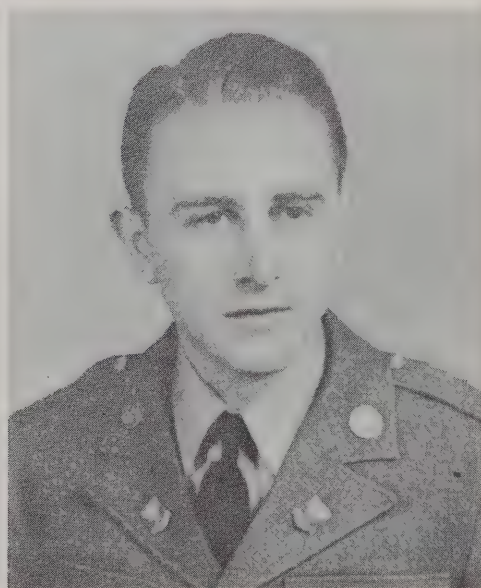
EMERSON JONES

Address: Box 494, Lordsburg, New Mexico.
 Entered Service: March 12, 1941.
 Branch of Service: Air Corps.
 Trained at Randolph Field, Texas; Lowry Field, Colorado; Clovis Army Air Base, New Mexico.
 Overseas: February 28, 1945.
 Theatre of Operations: Pacific (Guam).
 Decorations: Distinguished Flying Cross; Air Medal; Presidential Unit Citation.
 Returned to U. S.: November 4, 1945.
 Discharged: August 6, 1946 at Camp Beale, California.
 Rank: Flight Officer. Total Time Served: 65 months.
 Remarks: 24 Combat Missions over Japan.
 Parents: John B. and Sara H. Jones of Virden, New Mexico.
 Wife: Virgie Jones.
 Daughters: Arlene and Barbara.



VON B. JONES

Entered Service: 1941 at Lordsburg, New Mexico.
 Branch of Service: Army.
 Served in Australia 3 years.
 Discharged.
 Rank: Corporal.



JOHN A. JONES

Entered Service: August 10 at Fort Bliss, Texas.
 Branch of Service: Army Air Corps.
 Trained at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado.
 Discharged: October 30, 1945.



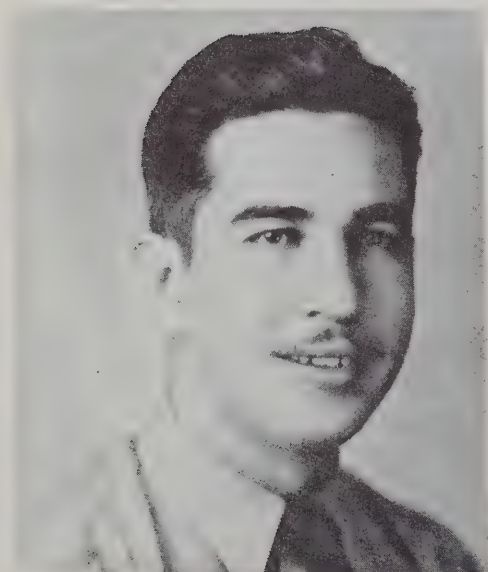
ROBERT I. JARVIS, JR.

Address: Rodeo, New Mexico.
Theatre of Operations: Southwest Pacific - India.
Served on USS Savo Island.
Decorations: Asiatic-Pacific Theatre Ribbon; American Theatre Ribbon; Philippine Liberation Ribbon; Good Conduct Medal; Presidential Citation.



SIXTO C. LUJAN

Entered Service: March 6, 1945.
Branch of Service: 531st Quartermaster Corps, Salvage Repair Company.
Theatre of Operations: Pacific and European.
Discharged: November 19, 1946.
Rank: Private.
Total Time Served Overseas: 12 months.



ANDY LAUCRO

Address: Lordsburg, New Mexico.
Entered Service: April 13, 1942 at Santa Fe, New Mexico.
Branch of Service: Air Corps.
Trained at Kelly Field, Texas; Fort Worth, Texas.
Theatre of Operations: European.
Discharged: October 16, 1945 at Fort Bliss, Texas.
Total Time Served Overseas: 15 months.



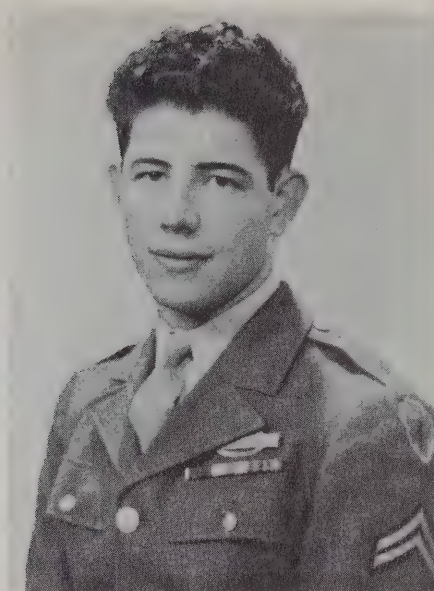
JOSE L. MONTOGO

Entered Service: June 23, 1942 at Fort Bliss, Texas.
Branch of Service: 353rd Infantry Regiment, 89th Infantry Division.
Theatre of Operations: European.
Engagements: Rhineland and Central Europe.
Discharged: January 31, 1946.
Total Time Served Overseas: 1 year, 1 month.



HARVEY D. MARTIN

Date of Enlistment: February 14, 1942.
 Branch of Service: U. S. Marine Corps.
 Trained at San Diego, California.
 Theatre of Operations: Asiatic-Pacific; South Pacific; China.
 Decorations: Presidential Unit Citation.
 Discharged: January 27, 1946.
 Rank: Platoon Sergeant.
 Total Time Served Overseas: 23 months.
 Remarks: Served 12 years in the Marine Corps.



JOSEPH NOCHE

Serial Number: 38441086.
 Entered Service: June 3, 1943.
 Branch of Service: U. S. Army.
 Theatre of Operations: European.
 Decorations: Bronze Service Arrowhead; 3 Battle Stars;
 Presidential Unit Citation; Combat Infantryman's Badge.
 Discharged: March 2, 1946.
 Rank: Sergeant.
 Remarks: Wounded October 2, 1944; November 6, 1944 in France.

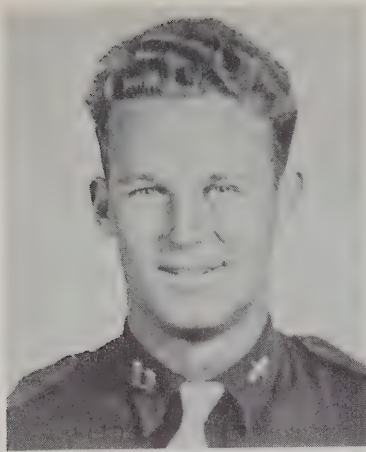


DAN PARKHILL

Entered Service: September, 1944.
 Trained at San Diego, California; Los Angeles, California;
 Texas, Agricultural and Mechanical College of, College State
 (near Bryan) Texas; Washington, D. C.
 Served in Fukuoka, Japan.
 Discharged: August, 1946.
 Rating: Radioman Second Class.



RAY PADILLA
 (No Record)



WILLIAM R. POINDEXTER

Serial Number: 036479.
Entered Service: July, 1942 at Long Beach, California.
Branch of Service: Army - Ferry Command and was transferred to Army Transportation Command.
Theatre of Operations: South Pacific and European.
Rank: Captain.
Still serving in the Army and stationed at Wiesbaden, Germany with the AACS, 5th Wing Headquarters.



"TAV" RENTERIA
(No Record)



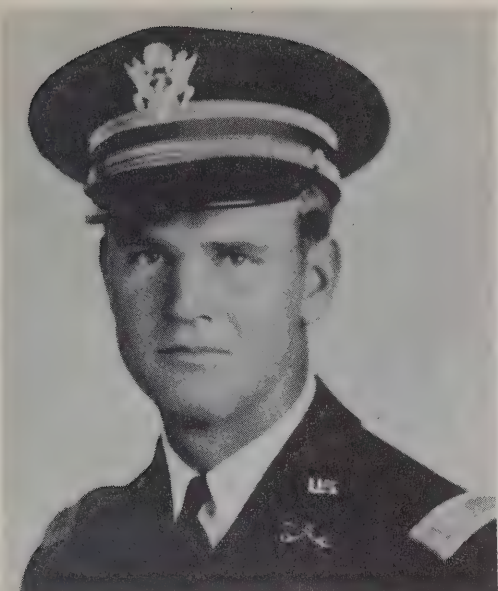
ROBERT THOMAS REYNOLDS

Entered Service: September, 1943.
Engagements: 2 Battles - Landed on Iwo Jima February 19, 1945.
Decorations: 2 Battle Stars; Pacific Theatre Ribbon; Campaign Bars.
Rating: Radioman Second Class - Amphibious.
Remarks: Age: 19 years when entered service.



JAMES FINLEY RICHARDS

Address: Rodeo, New Mexico.
Date and Place of Birth: February 21, 1918 at Clifton, Texas.
Entered Service: January 20, 1942.
Branch of Service: Army - Coast Artillery Corps - Military Occupational Specialty and No., Coast Artillery Unit Commander 1102. Engagements: Philippine Islands.
Decorations: Distinguished Unit Badge with 2 Oak Leaf Clusters; Asiatic-Pacific Campaign Medal with 1 Bronze Star; Victory Medal; Philippine Defense Medal with 2 Bronze Service Stars.
Discharged: December 2, 1946 at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.
Rank: First Lieutenant.
Total Time Served: 1 year, 1 month, 12 days - Continental Service; 3 years, 9 months, 1 day - Foreign Service.
Parents: Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Richards, Sr., Rodeo, New Mexico.



I. B. RICHARDS, JR.

Address: 9 Harris Road, Princeton, New Jersey.
 Date and Place of Birth: January 31, 1915, Clifton, Texas.
 Entered Service: July 5, 1939 as Second Lieutenant.
 Branch of Service: Army - Tank Destroyer.
 Overseas: May 20, 1944.
 Theatre of Operations: European.
 Decorations: Legion of Merit; Bronze Star; French Croix De Guerre; Belgium Croix De Guerre; European Theatre Ribbon; Victory Medal; Occupation Medal; American Defense Medal; American Theatre Service Medal.
 Rank: Lieutenant Colonel.
 Remarks: Served at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan and Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey.
 Parents: Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Richards, Sr., Rodeo, New Mexico. Sons: Ira B. (Buckie) Richards III, David Finley Richards, Jeffery Kendal Richards.



RAYMUNDO G. SILVAS

Entered Service: January 6, 1943.
 Branch of Service: Antiaircraft Artillery.
 Trained at Fort Bliss, Texas.
 Engagements: Normandy, Rhineland, Ardennes.
 Discharged: November 25, 1946.
 Rank: Technician Fifth Grade.
 Total Time Served Overseas: 10 months.



DANIEL V. RENTERIA

Serial Number: 9682574.
 Entered Service: June 15, 1944.
 Branch of Service: U. S. Navy.
 Trained at San Diego, California.
 Served on U.S.S. Karnes (APA) 175.
 Decorations: American Theatre Ribbon; Victory Medal; Asiatic-Pacific Theatre Ribbon; 22 Battle Stars.
 Discharged: June 10, 1946.
 Rating: Seaman, First Class.
 Total Time Served Overseas: 19 months.



ALBERTO G. SILVAS

Entered Service: September 25, 1941.
 Branch of Service: 174th Port Company, Transportation Corps.
 Trained at Fort Bliss, Texas.
 Theatre of Operations: European-African-Middle Eastern Iceland.
 Decorations: European-African-Middle Eastern Service Medal.
 Discharged: October 15, 1945.
 Rank: Private First Class.
 Total Time Served Overseas: 3 years, 3 months.
 Re-enlisted in U. S. Army April, 1948.



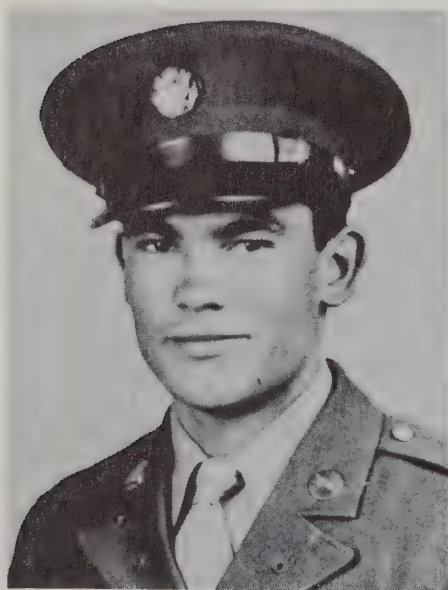
C. L. SPEER

Date of Enlistment: September 4, 1944.
Branch of Service: Naval Supply Department and Fire Department.
Station: N.S.D. 128.
Served at Pearl Harbor, Oahu.
Decorations: American Theatre Ribbon; Asiatic-Pacific Theatre Ribbon; Victory Medal.
Discharged: February 25, 1944.
Rating: Seaman, First Class.



JOE A. SANCHEZ

Address: Lordsburg, New Mexico.
Entered Service: 1945. Branch: DEML; AGD; QMC; TC.
Trained at Fort Bliss, Texas; Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia; Camp Lee, Virginia. Overseas: October 15, 1946.
Theatre of Operations: Ship Duty in Atlantic.
Decorations: Victory Medal; Good Conduct Medal; American Theatre Ribbon; Meritorious Unit Award.
Returned to U. S.: November, 1946.
Discharged: May 23, 1947 at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.
Rank: Sergeant. Total Time Served: 19 months.
Remarks: Went from Camp Lee, Va. to Overseas Replacement Depot, Camp Kilmer, N. J., then to Brooklyn Army Base, N. Y., POE. Served on board Cargo and War Bride Ships as Military Police. Served on USAT Zebulon Vance, USAT George Goethells, American Eagle, USS Fleetwood, USAT General Holbrook.
Parents: Mr. and Mrs. Jose R. Sanchez, Lordsburg, N. M.



BERNARDO V. TALAVERA

Entered Service: May 2, 1945.
Branch of Service: Army - Infantry.
Trained at Camp Roberts, California.
Enlisted in the Regular Army November 21, 1945 at Fort Ord, California.
Overseas: February 5, 1946.
Served in the Signal Corps at Inchon, Korea until November, 1946.
Discharged: November, 1946 at Camp Beale, California.
Rank: Private First Class.



JACK LLYOD VAUGHAN

Address: Animas, New Mexico.
Entered Service: July 16, 1941.
Branch of Service: U. S. Navy.
Trained at Naval Training Center, San Diego, California.
Overseas: July 16, 1944.
Theatre of Operations: South Pacific.
Decorations: Asiatic-Pacific Theatre Ribbon; American Area Service Medal; American Defense Service Medal; World War II Victory Medal; Good Conduct Medal.
Returned to U. S.: December 7, 1946.
Discharged: July 15, 1947 at San Diego, California.
Rating: Aviation Machinist's Mate First Class.
Total Time Served: 72 months.
Mother: Mary A. Vaughan. Father: F. C. Peacock.
Wife: Beulah I. (Dunagan) Vaughan.



EUGENE C. VAUGHAN

Address: Animas, New Mexico.
 Serial Number: 38 011 960.
 Entered Service: March 18, 1941.
 Branch of Service: Company A, 200th Coast Artillery.
 Trained at Fort Bliss, Texas.
 Overseas: August 28, 1941.
 Theatre of Operations: Philippine Islands.
 Decorations: Purple Heart; American Defense Service
 Ribbon with 1 Bronze Star; Asiatic-Pacific Theatre Campaign
 Ribbon with 2 Bronze Stars; Philippine Defense Ribbon with 1
 Bronze Star; Good Conduct Medal; Distinguished Unit Badge.
 Discharged: March 10, 1946 at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.
 Rank: Corporal. Total Time Served: 60 months, 8 days.
 Father: Fulton C. Peacock. Mother: Mary A. Vaughan.
 Stepfather: Compton Vaughan. Brother: Jack L. Vaughan -
 Navy.



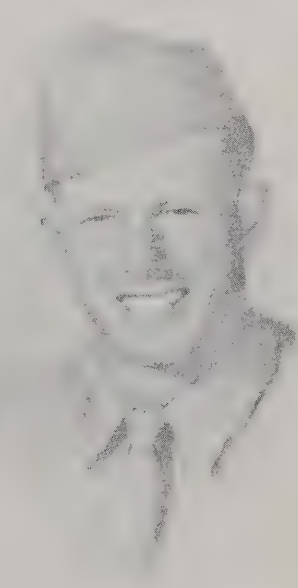
GUADALUPE Q. VARELA

Address: Box 82, Lordsburg, New Mexico.
 Entered Service: December 21, 1942.
 Branch of Service: Army.
 Trained at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana; Fort Belvoir,
 Virginia.
 Overseas: August 14, 1943.
 Theatre of Operations: England, France, Luxembourg,
 Belgium and Germany.
 Decorations: European-African-Middle Eastern Service
 Medal; Good Conduct Medal.
 Returned to U. S.: July 2, 1945.
 Discharged: October 11, 1945 at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.
 Total Time Served: 2 years, 9 months, 21 days.
 Parents: Norberto and Refugio Varela. Wife: Isabel M.
 Varela. Daughter: Veronica Varela. Son: Reynaldo Varela.



WALDO P. WILDER

Entered Service: January 25, 1945.
 Trained at Camp Roberts, California.
 Theatre of Operations: Asiatic-Pacific.
 Discharged: October 21, 1946.
 Rank: Technician Fourth Grade.
 Total Time Served Overseas: 14 months.



BARNEY CORNEALIOUS WOOD, JR.

Address: Lordsburg, New Mexico.
 Entered Service: March 7, 1945.
 Branch of Service: Army.
 Trained at Fort Bliss, Texas; Camp Maxey, Texas; Fort Ord,
 California.
 Overseas: August 21, 1945.
 Theatre of Operations: South Pacific.
 Decorations: Good Conduct Medal; Asiatic-Pacific Service
 Medal; Victory Medal.
 Returned to U. S.: April 29, 1946.
 Discharged: May 5, 1946 at Fort Lewis, Washington.
 Rank: Private First Class.
 Total Time Served: 14 months.
 Parents: Mr. and Mrs. Barney Wood, Sr.
 Wife: Lula J. Wood. Children: Barney III (Chip) and
 William R. (Bill).



CAP WALL

Date of Enlistment: August, 1942.
Branch of Service: Navy.
Trained at Great Lakes, Illinois.
Theatre of Operations: European.
Discharged: October, 1945.
Rating: Electrician's Mate Second Class.



CHARLES R. WALTER

Date of Enlistment: May 30, 1944.
Branch of Service: Gunner in 3rd Air Force.
Theatre of Operations: Southwest Pacific.
Discharged: April 16, 1946.

FELIX GAUTHIER, JR.

Address: 1220 Castec Drive, Sacramento 16, California.
Date and Place of Birth: July 28, 1918 at Lordsburg, New Mexico.
Entered Service: September 25, 1942. Branch: Air Corps.
Trained at Mather Field, California; Flight Instructor, Yuma Army Air Field, Yuma, Arizona; Flight Instructor, Douglas Army Air Field, Douglas, Arizona.
Overseas: June 12, 1945. Theatre: China-Burma-India.
Decorations: Air Medal; American Theatre Ribbon; Asiatic-Pacific Theatre Ribbon; World War II Victory Medal.
Returned to U. S.: March 1, 1946.
Discharged: September 7, 1946 at Camp Beale, California.
Rank: Captain. Total Time Served: 47 months.
Parents: Mr. and Mrs. Felix Gauthier, Sr., Animas, New Mexico. Wife: Ava - formerly Ava Heuer of Sacramento, California. Children: Jeannine, Dianne and Marilyn Louise.

FRANK G. VASELA

Entered Service: June 3, 1943.
Theatre of Operations: European.
Decorations: Purple Heart; Bronze Star; Combat Infantry Badge; 3 Battle Stars.
Discharged: August, 1946.
Rank: Sergeant.
Remarks: Wounded on January 12, 1945 in Alsace-Lorraine.

TOM JASPER WRIGHT

Serial Number: 38123742.
Entered Service: August 16, 1942.
Branch of Service: Army.
Overseas: About July 23, 1944.
Served in Saipan.
Discharged: December 1, 1945.
Rank: Sergeant.

HIDALGO COUNTY HONOR ROLL

ROBERT SWAN POST NO. 23

Acosta, A. F. a	Bean, J. H. n	Buven, G. A. a
Acosta, E. S. a	Bednorz, J. M. a	Byars, A. J. a
Acosta, G. a	Been, C. L. n	Camacho, V. M., Jr. a
Acosta, F. C. a	Bellah, C. a	Campbell, J. R. a
Acosta, L. a	Beall, H. C. a	Candars, M. P. a
Adams, A. S. a	Beall, H. W. a	Carrion, T. G. a
Adams, F. W. a	Beavers, C. E. n	Carillo, C. T. a
Adams, V. P. a	Beltri, A. S. a	Cardenas, M. S. a
Ady, W. W. a	Bellar, N. a	Casillas, M. R. a
Aguilera, F. V. a	Beltram, V. R. a	Castillo, J. C. a
Aguilera, R. V. a	Beckma, H. C. a	Cao, E. E. n
Altuna, A. L.	Bejarano, B. M. a	Causland, P. --
Altuna, A. T. a	Bejarano, G. M. a	Cervantes, J. a
Altuna, R. L. n	Bejarano, J. M. a	Chase, H. S. a
Altuna, E. S. a	Bejarano, S. C. a	Chaires, V. H. a
Altuna, E. L. a	Bejarano, L. M. a	Chavez, D. G. a
Alcorn, A. C. a	Betterton, J. W. a	Chavez, J. C. a
Ake, L. J. a	Burchfield, S. W. a	Chavez, R. P. a
Alvarez, A. M. a	Blocker, J. S., Jr., n	Chenoweth, C. H. n
Alvarez, A. N. n	Boles, T. C	Codding, J. L. a
Alvarez, G. R. a	Bishop, H. n	Cohen, M. M. a
Alvarez, R. R. a	Botello, E. H. a	Cohen, L. a
Arvizo, M. a	Botello, F. n	Collier, T. C. a
Arvizo, N. C. n	Bohanon, V. C. a	Conner, C. M. a*
Arvizo, J. C. a	Blancett, V. A. n	Conner, J. C. a
Arvin, O. a	Bowman, G. A. a	Cowan, M. D. a
Avalos, S. O. a	Bowman, E. J. a	Clark, J. W. a
Ashenhurst, A. C. a	Boyd, R. B. a	Clark, G. a
Atkinson, C. B. a	Bridges, E. T. Marines	Clark, H. a
Awtery, L., Jr. a	Bright, A. W. a	Contreras, L. J. a
Baca, M. T. a	Brittain, W. H. a	Contreras, M. a
Baisa, R. O. n	Brittain, J. A. n	Contreres, M. G.
Ball, Jno. a	Brittain, W. H. n	Corbell, F. W. a
Barela, P. C. a	Brook, E. a	Correlejo, F. B.
Barcen, J. P. a	Brown, E. E. a	Correlejo, H. B. a
Barber, J. T. n	Brooks, J. C. a	Coughlin, M. R. n
Barber, T. N. a	Brown, M. E. a	Crabtree, B. G. --
Bailey, G. W. a	Brown, C. A. n	Crabtree, Y. --
Barrera, R. M. a	Bruce, W. L. a	Craig, A. J. a
Barron, L. F. a	Burrus, E. a*	Croom, H. F. a
Baskett, M. N. n	Burrus, J. W. a	Croom, J. L. a
Bass, H. E. n	Bullock, T. E. n	Crouch, C. n
Beach, W. n	Burdick, H. a	Crum, T. R., Jr. n
Beach, H. R. a	Burch, R. B. a	Crum, M. L. a

Cureton, R. H. a
 Cureton, J. a
 Dabbs, S. E. n
 Davise, J. C. n
 Diaz, A. A. a
 Diaz, A. M. n
 Diaz, C. K. a
 Diaz, E. R. n
 Diaz, P. A. --
 Diaz, D. A. a
 De la Garza, M. B. a
 Delgado, J. L. a
 Delgado, T. a
 De Moss, E. C., Jr. n
 DeVilbiss, M. H. n
 Dominguez, B. E. c. g.
 Dorane, F. L. a
 Drake, O. M. a
 Drake, M. a
 Dunagan, C. W. a
 Dunagan, J. W. a
 Dunlap, C. K. a
 Dunlap, K. T. a
 Dye, V. a
 Eblin, G. a
 Echols, B. E. --
 Eddington, G. S. a
 Edington, P. R. a
 Eicher, M. W. a
 Ellison, J. H., Jr. n
 Estrada, A. S. n
 Estrada, J. J. n
 Estrada, M. J. a
 Esquivel, J. C. a
 Esquivel, P. C. a
 Estes, J. C. n
 Estes, O. G. H. a
 Estrada, J. S. n
 Evan, G. E. a
 Everett, B. R. a
 Ewing, F. J. n
 Ewan, G. E. a
 Fairley, M. M. a.n.d.
 Fedrick, J. B. a

Ferguson, R. L. a
 Fierro, P. F. a
 Figueroa, L. A. a
 Figueroa, F. C. a
 Fisher, E. M., Jr. a
 Flores, B. S. a
 Flores, J. M. a
 Foley, M. J. n
 Foslin, P. G. n
 Franton, C. n
 Freeman, G. n
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 Fuller, G. a
 Fuller, C. M. a
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 Fuller, H. n
 Gale, A. L. a
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 Gallegos, J. B. a
 Gallegos, H. B. a
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 Gallegas, J. B. a
 Galloway, J. R. a
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 Garcia, J. D. n
 Garcia, A. J. a
 Garcia, F. J. a
 Gaulding, G. W. a
 Gauthier, F., Jr. a
 Gauthier, Jack, a
 Gonzalez, J. L. n
 George, D. P. n
 Goldman, J. L. n
 Gutierrez, H. n
 Gutierrez, M. V. a
 Goff, T. E. a
 Goodner, C. C. n

Guzman, A. N. a*
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 Grose, F. a
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 Gutierrez, R. C. a
 Gutierrez, T. B.
 Gutierrez, H. Navy
 Gonzalez, J. V. a
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 Godlock, R. L. a
 Green, M. E. a
 Green, L. H. a
 Gruwell, A. C. a
 Guerrero, L. G.*
 Grunell, J. a
 Hall, J. D., Jr. a
 Hall, T. D. n
 Hallet, B. S. a
 Hayes, A. W. a
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 Haltom, G. H., Jr. n
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 Heldt, L. a

Hill, W. E. a
Hoggett, C. L. a
Hood, F. n
Hood, R. a
Hubbard, R. E. a
Jenkins, M. E. WAC
Jernigan, H. R. a
Jones, G. M. a*
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Johnson, R. L. a
Jarvis, R. J., Jr. n
Jiminez, J. V. n
Jensen, T. A. a
Jeffus, C. J. a
Jeffus, H. P. a*
Kennett, J. R. m.c.
Kennett, E. L. n
Kedzie, D. H. a
Kerr, F. C. a
Kerr, J. F. n
Kerr, T. H. --
Keyser, C. D. n
Kizziare, J. O. n
Kennedy, G. M. n
Kimberly, G. O. n

Koontz, J. C. a
Lara, R. H. a
Lacy, L. W. a
Lacy, N. D. n
Lane, J. P. a
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Lawrence, M. R. a
Lawrence, M. A. n
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Lavin, A. J. n
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Latham, A. L. n
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McGhee, J. a

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Mendola, A. G. a
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Messeccar, M. Wave
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Merza, A. L. a
McCoy, L. W. a
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Merrill, M. T. n
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Monallon, J. a
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Moncado, J. a
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Morelos, A. A. --
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Mortensen, C. a
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Mortensen, N. V. a
Moncaedo, J. a
Moncayo, E. S. n
Mullins, W. S. n
Myers, W. P. a
Moriarity, E. F., Jr. a
Montoya, J. T. --
Nard, C. A. a
Nard, T. R. n
Nancee, H. B., Jr. a

Nance, W. a
 Nelson, K. H. a
 Newell, M. a
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 Nevarez, R. C. a
 Nevarez, L. C. a
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 Pennington, C. R. a
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 Phillips, J. a
 Poindexter, W. R. a
 Porrás, A. V. a
 Potter, E. B. n
 Potter, F. J. n
 Peace, J. N. n
 Quinjada, E. a
 Rade, D. B. a
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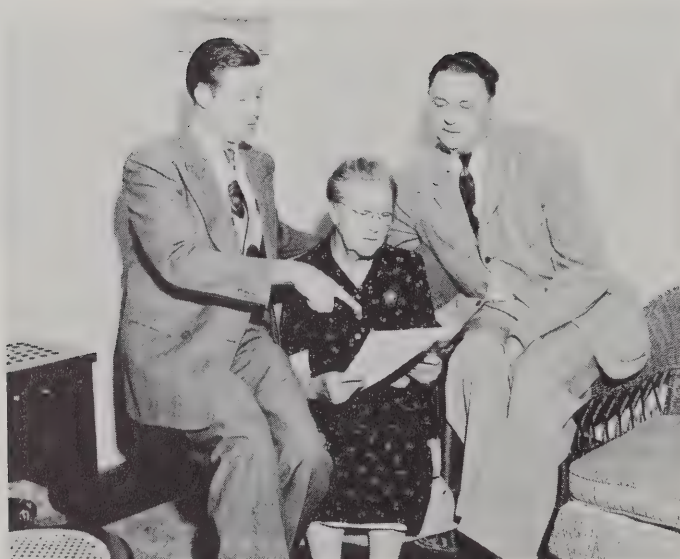
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 Rico, H. a
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 Richardson, E. J. n
 Renteria, D. V. n
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 Reynolds, P. M. n
 Richins, O. J., Jr. a
 Richins, O. W. a
 Rhoades, R. R. n
 Richins, E. W., Jr. a
 Roberson, J. D. a
 Robertson, A. A. a.t.
 Robertson, D. R. a
 Robertson, J. D. a
 Rosalis, S. M. a
 Robertson, W. B., Jr. a
 Robertson, J. R. a
 Rodgers, J. A. n
 Rose, H. C. a
 Rosales, R. M. a
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 Rockwell, Jr, J. B. a
 Rowland, H. V. a
 Rose, G. T. n
 Rowland, R. E. a
 Robertson, A. A. a.t.,
 Rubion, G. M. a
 Ruiz, M. P. a
 Ruiz, P. a
 Rivera, A. a
 Ruiz, T. a
 Russell, J. D. n
 Saucedo, L. O. a
 Saucedo, R. C. a
 Salgado, M. G. n

Salinas, B. V. a
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 Sainz, J. E. a
 Sanchez, C. F. a
 Sanchez, Joe A. a
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 Sanchez, L. S. n
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 Smabrano, J. P. a
 Sambrano, A. a
 Segrest, P. T. a
 Selleck, J. D. a
 Sew King, N. G. a
 Scofield, H. E. a
 Schlager, W. a
 Sholly, Wm. a
 Shackelford, T. E. a
 Shelby, F. J. a
 Silvas, R. G. a
 Sharp, A. W. --
 Silvas, R. G. a
 Silvas, A. G. a
 Sotello, J. R. a
 Stengele, H. a
 Still, D. n
 Still, O. a
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 Speer, W. N. n
 Speer, C. L. n
 Snawder, O. a
 Sharp, A. G. --
 Smith, J. K. a
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 Smith, W. R. a
 Smith, G. a
 Shaddx, L. W. a
 Sullivan, C. H. a
 Summers, A. H. n
 Swain, F. R. n
 Stepehns, C. D. a
 Stevens, D. n
 Stanley, L. W. a

Salinas, S. R. n
Salinas, F. R. n
Stevens, D. n
Smith, T. C. n
Sanchez, R. S. n
Strickland, R. I. n
Saucedo, L. I. a
Talavera, A. V. n
Talavera, B. V. a
Tarango, P. n
Tarazon, E. Z. a
Taggart, T. R. a
Tenney, C. P. a
Thygerson, A. O. a
Thompson, B. O. a
Thompson, W. S. a
Thygerson, A. O. a
Trotter, L. W. a
Troupe, W. E. a
Trujillo, L., Jr. a
Turpin, E. H.
Trewitt, A. L. a
Trejo, E. J. a

Tucker, A. G. a
Varela, F. C. a
Vargas, P. S. a
Varela, G. O. a
Vaughn, E. C. a
Vaughn, J. L. a
Veden, G. a
Verdugo, T. H. a
Vega, J. C. n
Vierra, H. a
Villalobos, F. a
Villalba, D. B. a
Waits, M. J. a
Waits, L. S. a
Walters, J. R. n
Wahlin, P. A., Jr. n
Walter, C. R. a
Watson, D. a
Wamel, R. L., Jr. a
Warren, C. J., Jr.
Wallace, T. E. n
Wallace, Y. V. n
Walter, C. E. n

Wilder, W. P. a
Williams, T. B. a
Williams, Bobby, n
Wells, H. J. a
Weatherby, J. E. a
Weaver, V. C. a
Webb, W. a
Webb, G. a
Whelan, F. E. a
Wellman, H. a
White, E. E. a
Willis, n
Wilder, E. B. a
Wilkinson, D. a
Wright, C. a
Wright, T. J. a
Wright, P. A. a
Wright, P. a
Womack, R. L. --
Wood, C. K. n
Woodlee, H. D. n
Wood, B. C. a
Wood, H. K. a



RIGHT TO LEFT:

JAMES H. KINKEMA -- Editor

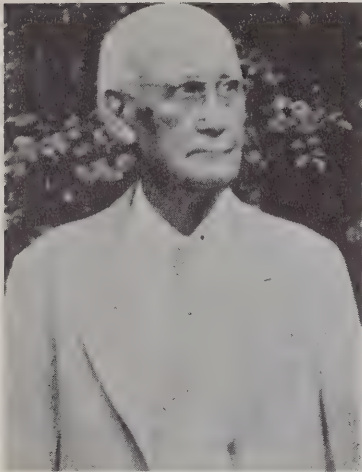
MRS. JOHN T. MUIR -- Pioneer and Folklorist of Hidalgo County

ROBERT M. CASTLE -- Assistant



Around
TOWN

THE MAN WHO MADE THE LORDSBURG OF TODAY



COL. WILLARD E. HOLT

"The one who's selling sunshine
Is the one who gets the crowds.
He gets a lot more business
Than the man who's selling clouds."

By Colonel Willard E. Holt.

The Sunshine Special was Colonel Willard E. Holt. He was born in Canton, Michigan, back in 1860, on June 4, close to where another great man was born, Henry Ford, and at about the same time.

His life was lived in the spirit of sunshine, and he was lured to the west by the same token, in 1909, where he began to live the life he really loved.

His first venture in the west was the purchase and editing of the Deming Graphic, in Deming, New Mexico, and he established the reputation of having the cleanest newspaper in the country.

There was never a derogatory line written, nor was there ever an unkind word spoken of anyone. He could always find the spark of sunshine in the soul of anyone, and he never looked for the clouds. If he saw them, he had a way of expressing a sunny ray of hope to clear it all away.

Colonel Holt had what it takes to spread the spirit of ambition in others, and to stimulate interest in any enterprise that gave signs of merit. He was a real booster of not only the places he lived in, but of the pride in people. He put it there. He lived it himself. He believed in himself, and he believed in others.

He became secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Deming, and from there he was called to organize the Chamber of Commerce in Santa Fe. In 1919, he came to Lordsburg to purchase the Lordsburg Liberal.

Shortly after he began publishing the Liberal, he became Secretary of the Lordsburg Chamber of Commerce, in which position, we, of Lordsburg will always fondly remember him. Later, he sold the Liberal in favor of the other.

When the engineers made a test of the water in Deming and in Lordsburg, and both tests showed 99.99% pure water, this became his slogan from then on, and it has become a part of the "Personality" of the two towns, though the engineers have long since forgotten about it.

The title of Colonel was given him through an appointment as Colonel of the New Mexico National Guards. He was also made honorary Admiral of the Flagship Fleet.

His hobby was photography, and he had the most complete gallery in the world of the most famous people in the world, which he photographed himself. His most effective and dynamic expression of personalities was "Simply Gorgeous!" It mattered not whether man, woman child or infant, or a scenic setting, they were always "Just Gorgeous."

Another unforgettable hobby he had was his "Sweetheart Club." This was made up of notable women who stopped in to see him from all over the United States, and some from foreign countries, whose personalities were outstanding. They each had a number, which they were to remember, always. If they forgot - Well, she was still his sweetheart. They ranged from Presidents' wives, through Movie Stars, and down to those who were just about to enter their career in first grade or even kindergarten in school. . . Among his favorites were Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Amelia Earhart, Bernadine King and many others from Hollywood.

Because of the "Simply Gorgeous" manner in which little Betty Rae Elms conducted herself at the age of five, she won the bathing beauty contest at a contest in Deming on July 4, 1935, and on that occasion, Colonel Holt named her his sweetheart Number One.



No. 1 Sweetheart of
Col. Willard E. Holt
MISS BETTY RAY ELMS

In competition for this title was Mrs. Ernie Pyle, wife of the late Scripps-Howard roving reporter, who always referred to her as "That Girl." Betty Ray held the odds, however, and they became the finest of pals, he in his seventies, and she in her childhood.

His list of sweethearts had mounted up to the time of his death, to almost two thousand, who will never forget the event of their initiation into this most adorable association.

Through the influence of Colonel Holt, Lordsburg was selected as a part of the movie setting for "Stagecoach," in which Lordsburg featured fifty-one times. His efforts brought War Department officials to Lordsburg, who designated Lordsburg as a flying station. It was the only government airport in New Mexico, and the Aeronautical Association named him Governor for New Mexico.

He welcomed Colonel Charles Lindburg at the airport, as representative of the Governor, and Lordsburg was made, at that time, air capitol of New Mexico.

He was charter member of the Broadway of America Association, which, on July 11, 1948, was made a National Organization, and is now known as "Highway 80 Association" at a meeting in Fort Worth on that date. In years to come, this will be an outstanding permanent monument to those who originated this famous coast-to-coast highway, which extends from Savannah, Georgia, to San Diego, California.

For better than thirty years he was United States Commissioner. He was a Mason, a Knight of Pythia, and a member of the Methodist Church, but he belonged to them all. When the final summons came, on February 18, it was a "most gorgeous" day. He was laid to rest in the beautiful little cemetery in Lordsburg, on a sunny afternoon, and the fraternal spirit, lent sunshine to the occasion.

Lordsburg will not soon forget this man. He made it. His influence is still felt wherever one goes, and his presence is always missed.



A SCENE OF HIROSHIMA
AFTER ATOMIC BOMB



A SCENE OF HIROSHIMA
AFTER ATOMIC BOMB



G.I. REST CAMP IN JAPAN



GATE TO EMPEROR'S PALACE
IN TOKYO, JAPAN



LAKE VIEW AT G.I. REST CAMP
IN JAPAN



AMERICAN RED CROSS
IN TOKYO, JAPAN

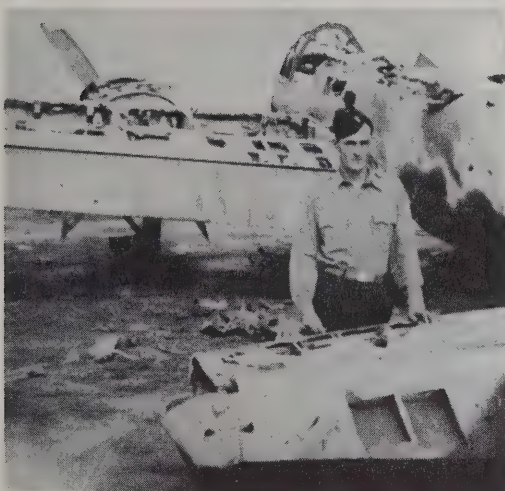


ONE OF THE BUILDINGS RECONSTRUCTED
IN TOKYO, JAPAN AND IS NAMED AFTER
ERNIE PYLE, ONE OF OUR FAMOUS COR-
RESPONDENTS.



A SCENE ON A STREET
IN PEARL HARBOR

1537213



GERMAN BOMBER STRAFED ON
GROUND NEAR FOGGIA, ITALY



THE HAPPY HOME OF
LT. TOMMY THOMPSON
FOGGIA, ITALY



AN ACT IN A U.S.O. CLUB
AT PEARL HARBOR



GROUP OF JAPANESE PRISONERS
ON GUAM



MAIN STREET
LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO



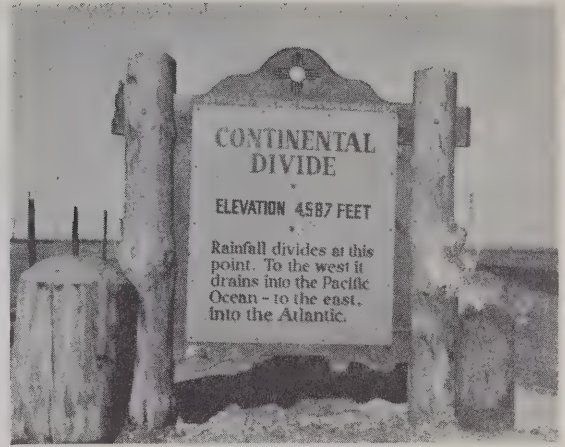
LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO



BILTMORE CAMP
LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO



RAILROAD AVENUE
LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO



CONTINENTAL DIVIDE
FOUR MILES EAST OF
LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO



HIDALGO COUNTY COURTHOUSE
LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO



HORSE RACING
LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO



President Truman on the platform of his special train when he came to Lordsburg, New Mexico, September 25, 1948. Mrs. Ralph P. Smith, President of the Lordsburg Chamber of Commerce, just finished welcoming the President to the fair city.



Snow storm scene on the Old Alkali Lake
February, 1949



R. K. George's Service Station



Scene on Railroad Avenue



Home of W. F. Winters

LORDSBURG

Lordsburg, Hidalgo County, New Mexico, is the County Seat of Hidalgo, created by the Legislature of 1919. The County is named in honor of El Cura Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, liberator of Mexico, September 16, 1810, itself being named at the time of the Southern Pacific Railway came in from the west. There was a man by the name of Lord, who had a string of eating houses along the line of the Southern Pacific from the west, and it was for him that the town was named.

Lordsburg is now a full fledged city, with a Mayor and Alderman, and denotes the largest percentage of growth since the census of 1930 of any city in this region, there being from 1930 to 1940 a 50% growth.

When the town was founded, in 1880, it became very soon a railroad center and a division terminal. It is now a division point and a double terminal of the main line of the Southern Pacific. Another line of the Southern Pacific passes through Hidalgo County thirty miles to the south.

It is a great stock-raising region and has produced some as fine herds of purebred Herefords as can be found in this section of the country. Also, high-class sheep, goats and poultry.

There are a few residents here who came to Lordsburg when there was not a building erected, and who lived for a time in the railroad depot. These pioneers are our former Mayor, former County Commissioner, and former Probate Judge, B. B. Ownby, and Mrs. Ownby. They ran a boarding house on Southern Pacific property and have times fed notorious characters of the west, like Russian Bill and Sandy King, who were executed in a little boarding house a short distance south of Lordsburg in those hectic pioneer days. Later Mr. and Mrs. Ownby entertained at their boarding house Billy the Kid, the notorious bandit who was shot years ago by Sheriff Pat Garrett, this bandit being a former resident of our neighboring city, Silver City, New Mexico, when he was a youngster.

In these early pioneer days, Geronimo and the Indians of this region were very hostile and murders and killings were frequent. One whole family, consisting of Judge McComas and his wife, were murdered, and their son, Charles was captured by the Indians and was for many years a resident of Eastern Arizona.

When Shakespeare, two and a half miles south of Lordsburg, was a very important stage station on the old Butterfield Trail, Mrs. John T. Muir, formerly Miss Emma Marble, lived in the Stratford Hotel, built of adobes, and which was the most important hotel along this trail. A picture of the ruins of the hotel is herewith enclosed.

Two decades ago, Lordsburg was on a desert trail, and after it became the County Seat, the Lordsburg Chamber of Commerce commenced to sell this marvelous climate to the world. Twelve years ago, there were only two and one-half blocks of very mediocre buildings on Railroad Avenue, the chief highway, now on two federal and one State Highways. Now this same street, Railroad Avenue, has two miles of as fine tourist accommodations as are found in any city in America.

This is also true of its filling stations, all of the big oil companies being represented. The hotel and camp facilities of Lordsburg are now known from coast to coast, and from the lakes to the gulf.

For many years the local Chamber of Commerce has been selling our sunshine and climate to the world, and now the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, the Research Department of the Federal Government, has established within sight of Lordsburg on an 8,000 foot peak, a Solar Radiation Observatory, the final object of which is to make round-the-world reports, showing the weather conditions two weeks in advance. The New Mexico State Magazine, referring to Lordsburg says:

"New Mexico's sunshine, which has been much described by poets and writers and prescribed by physicians, now is to be studied and measured by scientists.

"The Smithsonian Institution has erected on the south peak of Big Burro Mountain, near Lordsburg, a solar radiation observatory. From the studies and observations of the sun scientists are developing new weather forecasting methods.

"The Lordsburg area long has been known for its high percentage of sunshine, and the area is near what is known as the geographical center of the sunshine belt of North America."

Lordsburg is fortunate in getting very valuable breaks. For instance: When one of the greatest western movies ever filmed, Stagecoach, was made, Lordsburg was made the locale of that play. This famous picture has been exhibited in every village and hamlet in the United States, and in several foreign countries. The name, "Lordsburg," is mentioned fifty-one times in the play.

The Saturday Evening Post, the Liberty Magazine, and other noted magazines, have frequently carried stories of Lordsburg and vicinity, so the town is exceedingly well known throughout the whole United States and some outside countries.

We have a school system inferior to none of these cities in the Southwest, and all of the church denominations have fine buildings and congregations. The city boasts the only Chamber of Commerce in the country whose doors are never closed, night or day. And, on the walls of this Chamber of Commerce are displayed a thousand pictures of famous men and women of America and several foreign countries. These photographs have been taken during the past twenty-one years by the Chamber of Commerce secretary.

Speaking of Lordsburg, Arthur Brisbane, one of our noted guests, said: "Lordsburg is destined to become one of the greatest health resorts of the world."

The reason Mr. Brisbane made this statement is that we not only have perfect sunshine and climate, but we have, in addition, the purest water that can be found anywhere in the U. S. A.

At Lordsburg, there converges all of the Federal and State Highways passing through the south, with paved streets in and out, giving the city the name of the Tourist Mecca.

To the north of Lordsburg, and within sight of the city, is the largest Government National Forest, which abounds in all of the big game. To the west, being just over the line in Arizona, is the famous Chiricahua National Forest, or City of Rocks. To the north, we have the famous Tyrone Guest Ranch; to the south, the Curry Guest Ranch; and to the west, the Indian Reservations, where the Indians live in the same hogans they did centuries ago. These forests can be reached on fine highways paved or gravelled and easy of access.

Our average annual temperature is 63.4; our average summer temperature is 72.3; and our average winter temperature is 45.2.

Lordsburg is the home of the Southwestern New Mexico Livestock and Fair Association, one of the notable gatherings held in the state annually in October.

There is a fine nine-hole golf course to which tourists are always welcome during their visits here.

Willard E. Holt
Manager, C. of C.

Note:

Apparently, this article was written about 1940, in the early part of the year.

HISTORY OF LORDSBURG

Lordsburg, New Mexico was founded fifty-four years ago and is named in honor of a Southern Pacific engineer, by the name of Lord, who was the head of the force laying the Southern Pacific tracks through southern New Mexico. In 1919 it was named the county seat of Hidalgo County established at that time by the State Legislature and named after General Miguel Hídalgo Costilla, first leader for the war of Mexican independence, who was formerly a priest. He was killed in Chihuahua, July 27, 1811, and was thereafter regarded as a saint by his fellow countrymen.

Lordsburg is a double division point of the Southern Pacific, and railroad junction point of the Pacific Greyhound Buses with ten daily stages.

There is located here the only government airport in the State, with radio and meteorological stations, manned by a detachment of the Air Corps, U. S. A., and was dedicated by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.

Every all-year-high-gear, paved highway across the United States centers at Lordsburg. No mud, no snow, no ice, just go, but always stop at Lordsburg.

Four years ago Railroad Avenue (Main Street) was three and one-half blocks in length, now it has one and five-tenths miles of the finest paved highway with the best hotel and camp ground, garage and service station accommodations of any city of its size in the U. S. A. Big game territory in sight.

North of Lordsburg is the Gila National Forest summer playgrounds, on the south is the Peloncillo National Forest, all-year playground; on the west is the Chiricahua National Monument, scenic grandeur, wonderland of rocks, with super-highways, mostly paved, extending to the Atlantic on the east and Pacific on the west. Of course we are on the "Broadway of America." Modern sound pictures.

Don Marquis, noted writer and author, was in Lordsburg for a full week and pronounced it as the biggest little city in the whole United States.

Arthur Brisbane, most popular and brainiest editorial writer and columnist in the whole world, visited Lordsburg and published in his famous column, "Today," read by thirty million people of the United States and Canada, that Lordsburg, New Mexico is destined to be one of the great health resorts of the world, because of its almost perpetual sunshine, ideal altitude and the purest, softest water in the whole U. S. A. Mr. Brisbane mentioned particularly the Hidalgo Hotel, which he quoted as coming from a local enthusiast as the best hotel between San Antonio and Los Angeles, 65 rooms, 65 baths. This is putting it a little strong but it could be easily named the best hotel between El Paso and the big hotels of Arizona.

The camp facilities and tourist and filling station service, are among the best to be found in the whole country.

This region has long been the stockmen's and poultrymen's paradise.

M. E. Tracy, famous American columnist, has named Lordsburg, "One more biggest little city in the world," and Ken Maynard, movie star, names it "the home of courtesy." Its Chamber of Commerce doors are never closed.

In pioneer days, Lordsburg was the border of western civilization and one of the wild and woolly town of the West, infested by such blood-thirsty savages as, "Geronimo," the Apache chief who was a terror for the whole southwestern country. But now it is one of the most orderly communities, with fine churches, two school buildings covering two city blocks. A most desirable place of residence from every point of view. Social conditions are unsurpassed anywhere.

Incidentally Lordsburg boasts the champion high school band of the State, and also the gold medal debaters and declaimers of New Mexico

More than a half million dollars have been expended on Hidalgo county public highways since the county was established as a separate unit.

Lordsburg streets are literally "paved with gold," as the base rock came from one of the near-by mines containing copper, silver and gold.

A recent issue of the Los Angeles Sunday Times in its magazine section said that the Lordsburg Chamber of Commerce displays upon its walls the most amazing exhibition of photographs in the United States, with everybody who is anybody in America, appearing after having been photographed by the Secretary of the commercial body.

Adjoining Lordsburg on the southeast is the only Government Airport in New Mexico. To the Northwest of Lordsburg is the marvelously rich Virden Valley, settled by a Mormon colony when they were driven out of Mexico a decade and a half ago.

Northeast of Lordsburg is the Gila National Forest, big game hunting territory.

To the west is the Chiricahua National Forest, with its world famous Wonderland of Rocks.

Federal highways leading in all directions are paved. Lordsburg is the only point on the southern border where all of the eastwest highways meet.

Hotel and Camp Ground accommodations are unsurpassed in the United States.

On the back of the enclosed letterhead is found a map of Hidalgo County with many of the attractions marked in Red.

In the southern part of the county is the Coronado National Forest.

Hidalgo County is a double terminal and junction on the Southern Pacific Railroad, two lines of the railroad passing through the county.

With kindest personal regards, I am

Very sincerely,

Willard E. Holt,
Manager C. of C.

"LORDSBURG TOURIST TOWN"

By Mrs. John Muir

Lordsburg the "Tourist Town" on the Broadway of America has been visited by almost everyone of note on their way from one coast to the other.

History tells us that the first known tourists that passed this way were the five hundred "Mormon" volunteers in the United States Army during the war with Mexico in 1846. The Mormon Battalion under the able command of Colonel P. St. George Cooke made the longest infantry march (over 2,000 miles) in the history of the world---from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to San Diego, California. No doubt other soldiers, adventurers and homesteaders had passed this way even before 1846.

During the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad in 1880, Lordsburg sprang up overnight between two old stage stations, Barney and Shakespeare. Barney was two and a half miles northeast (near the S. P. Pump house on Highway 80) and Shakespeare is two and one-half miles southwest of Lordsburg. The adobe walls of Barney have long since melted back to the good earth but many of the old buildings of Shakespeare are still standing.

Fifteen years ago, Jim Craig, riding after cattle near Barney found thirteen twenty dollar gold pieces that had been buried. The wind and water finally exposed them to the keen eyes of the cowboy.

The little frontier town was rather a wild one! Saloons dominated and the citizenry was made up of railroad employees, prospectors, freighters, stage drivers, pony express riders, cowboys, gamblers and outlaws.

The arrival of the first train immediately began to show its effect on business. Railroad Avenue immediately was lined with tents and tent houses, and became a busy thoroughfare with its immense freight wagons hauling ore from Clifton, Morenci and Silver City. Teams, saddle horses and the Prospector's patient burro waited along Railroad Avenue at the hitching posts.

Slowly the tent houses were replaced by frame buildings with imposing false fronts. Each year has brought improvements and prosperity. Every convenience and facility is offered for the comfort and enjoyment of the tourist. Railroad Avenue offers accommodations to suit every taste and pocketbook.

The Virginia Mining District south and southwest of Lordsburg has been producing ore since 1870. It is the leading industry of today.

The farm crops are cotton (1-1/8 inch lint), alfalfa, grain, sorghums, potatoes, vegetables, small grains, long staple cotton and the farm livestock is composed of hogs, chickens, horses, turkeys and cattle. The irrigation district is along the Gila River and is supplied by two ditches, the Sunset Ditch and the Model Canal. There are 3,000 acres in cultivation.

There is an irrigation district in the Animas Valley which is irrigated by pumping water from wells 80 to 125 feet deep.

Every foot of our grazing land is fenced and watered by windmills tapping deep into a great reservoir that lies shallowly below the desert floor and by surface tanks, which hold the flood water from year to year. A rancher uses about 640 acres to pasture ten cows. That is why one drives many miles through this cattle country without seeing any livestock.

Point of interest near Lordsburg are the City of Rocks not far from Deming, New Mexico and the Wonderland of Rocks in the Chiricahua National Monument. There is excellent deer hunting in the near-by mountains and quail hunting on the desert.



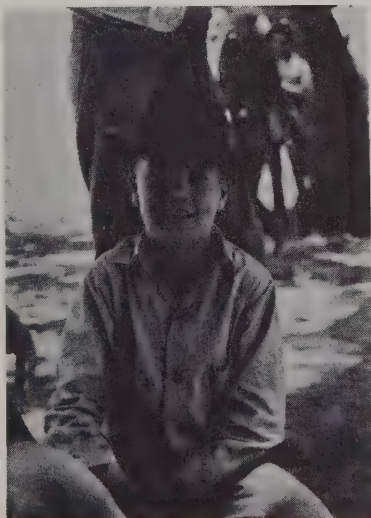
Clare Sanford and Sylvia Springer ready for a swim in the tank at the Sanford Ranch.



Hugh Peterson and Sylvia Springer watch the action during a branding at the V. A. Peterson Ranch.



Branding calves at George Godfrey's XT Ranch.



Even the youngsters help in roundups. Clifford Yarbrough of Animas puts in a day at George Godfrey's XT Ranch.



Two bulls dispute leadership of the herd while the third stands by to take on the winner. Fred Sanford Ranch - Animas.

ANIMAS

By J. R. Springer
Principal, Animas Schools

Evidence points to the fact that the Animas Valley was known even to prehistoric man. Some years ago excavators in the lower valley unearthed the skeleton of a man presumably the member of a race which populated this area before the dawn of history. His skull was half an inch thick and comparison of the bones with a man well over six feet tall indicated that they were a race of tall people. Relics have also been found of stone implements used by these prehistoric people. One unusual fact aroused interest and speculation when a stone hatchet made of a stone not native to this section of the west was discovered in the valley. Just how it reached this region and by whom it was brought will probably never be known, but the Animas Valley was an artery of travel for those traveling north or south long before the coming of the white man.

The name Animas, translated to mean "Lost Souls," was so named according to legends, because of the number who lost their lives through one means or another, in the area. The Apaches and the Chiricahuas traveled the valley in their treks from Mexico to hunting grounds north in the United States, and the route was also used for escape when pursued by punitive forces from the government. Geronimo, probably one of the more famous of the Apache leaders, was held prisoner for a short while at the Gray Ranch at Cloverdale, but succeeded in escaping before he could be turned over to government authorities. His raids on the ranches of the Animas Valley where he robbed and killed form a thrilling part of the early history of the valley.

When the Apache leader finally surrendered, fifty of his followers declined to do likewise and fled into Mexico. This band continued to make sporadic forays across the border, and numerous ranches suffered losses of horses and anything that could be taken back to their hideout in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico. As late as 1926 a raiding party from the country south of the border stole horses in the San Simone Valley then turned south and collected stock in the Animas, rendezvousing atop the Animas Mountain. Alert Ranchers quickly trailed the herd to the collecting point where the thieves had relaxed their vigilance thinking they were across the border. With the approach of the stockmen, the raiders fled and most of the stock was recovered.

Because of its proximity to the border, the Animas was infested for a time with rustlers who made trips across the line where they stole Mexican cattle and brought them through Skeleton Canyon into the United States where unscrupulous cattlemen purchased them. The operation also worked in reverse and many Animas ranchers lost stock before the quick justice of the six-gun put an end to their depredations. With the coming of law and order, ranch life has become less hazardous but remains one of hard work and long hours of which the newcomer is little aware.

The coming of the railroad at the turn of the century ended the necessity of the long cattle drive to shipping points at Separ and Lordsburg. The clouds of dust accompanying the herds of cattle prodded onward by the tireless cowboys from the lower valley to the north are no more, but the wide brimmed hat and cowboy boots are as native to the region as street lights are to the urban dweller. Poor roads tend to isolate the area and trips to town are infrequent. A consolidated high school was built at Animas in 1934 and students are transported from the upper valley, Rodeo, and the Cloverdale region. Some students travel as far as seventy miles per day, and during the winter many times the roads become so impassible that attendance at school becomes impossible. Such hardships, common to life in the valley, would perhaps be regarded as intolerable in the East, but the hardy pioneer stock which peopled the west remains today, and the comforts of city life are not missed by youngsters who have never known them.

ANIMAS VALLEY

In 1948, Animas Valley, which lies about seventeen miles south of Lordsburg, suddenly sprang into prominence through its abundant crops.

Irrigation was instigated here, and huge pumps watered the entire valley for miles.

Aside of harvesting two bales of cotton to the acre, one farmer planted six acres of this land to onions. The yield from this crop was seven carloads, most of which were shipped to metropolitan markets, and some were held for local consumers.

Twelve hundred bags of onions were stacked around the sheds in the yards, and more than eight hundred bags were still standing in the field to be hauled in. This was only one-third of the yield.

The largest onions measured fourteen inches in circumference, and were of the white skins, and yellow skins.

There are approximately 4,000 acres of land in cultivation in this valley, 2,000 of which were planted to cotton in the first year. Corn stood seven feet high and more in the fields, and the late crop was growing rapidly, with maturity assured for high production.

Potato crops were excellent, and beans were planted after potatoes were dug, and the yield very large.

Roads were graded throughout the valley, making it accessible to each of the thirty-five farms in the district, and they followed the irrigation ditches.

Every brand of machinery was used in the valley, and more than 75% of it was new.

The water was practically pure, and reports were that the water level was not affected by irrigation.

THE HISTORY OF RODEO, NEW MEXICO

By Rev. Paul M. Chambliss



STOCKYARDS OF RODEO

Rodeo is located between two ranges of mountains in a beautiful little valley. Rodeo is situated on Highway 80 and the south line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The main industry of Rodeo is ranching and farming. To the west in the Chiricahua Mountains is Cave Creek Canyon, one of the most scenic spots in the southwest.



SOUTHERN PACIFIC DEPOT - BUILT IN 1902

Rodeo first came into existence in the year of 1900, at that time the Indians were still roaming the country. There were very few settlers but rustlers were plentiful. A man by the name of Charlie Bond settled where the town of Rodeo now stands. The El Paso and Southwestern Railroad, which is now the Southern Pacific was completed in the year of 1902.



THE WATER TANK THAT
MR. BOND TRIED TO BLOW UP

As the railroad crossed Mr. Bond's property he didn't think the price paid was enough, so he decided to blow up the railroad water tank. The result of the blast left only a dent in the water tank which can be seen today.



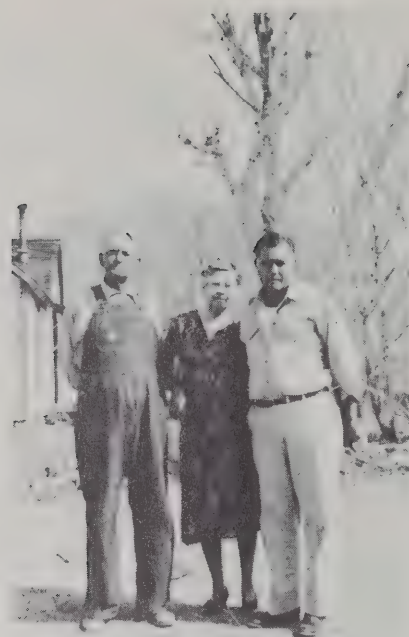
RODEO HOTEL AND GARAGE

The first place of business was a store and hotel, Mr. and Mrs. George Meyers were the proprietors. Next was a saloon owned by Mr. George Richards. There seemed to be some trouble that came up between Mr. Charlie Bond and Mr. Richards which ended like lots of New Mexico trouble in the early days (a bloody gun battle) of which Mr. Bond fought a losing battle which made the first grave in the Rodeo vicinity.

The first postmaster in Rodeo was Mr. A. D. Wallace who was also proprietor of a store in 1904. As people began to settle Rodeo Valley they found it very difficult on account of Indians and rustlers, but with the strong determination of the pioneer they stayed it out in spite of the difficulties that stood in their way. Some of them became very successful ranchers. One of which I would like to mention is Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Sanford who tell many interesting stories of the pioneer days in the Rodeo Valley. They came into this section of the country in 1894, living in Sulphur Springs Valley for a short time. From the Sulphur Springs Valley they moved to the San Simon Valley. In 1906 they moved to the Rodeo Valley in a one room adobe house which to-day is the modern five room home in which they live.

In 1906 Mr. W. J. English bought the store, hotel and saloon.

I was told of an incident when Arizona was dry and Rodeo was very wet. A woman came to Rodeo by train with two suitcases and two children telling the proprietor of the hotel that she wanted lodging for the night, and that she was going to Paradise the next morning by stage. The lodging was arranged and the meals were paid for. In the middle of the night the proprietor heard a noise, and being a woman the proprietor was afraid to investigate. As morning came and breakfast was prepared the proprietor went up to wake the tenants and could get no answer, so she opened the door and found that the beds had not been used. Out in the floor was a pile of rock and two empty whisky cases. The lady had loaded the whiskey and caught the night train for Arizona.

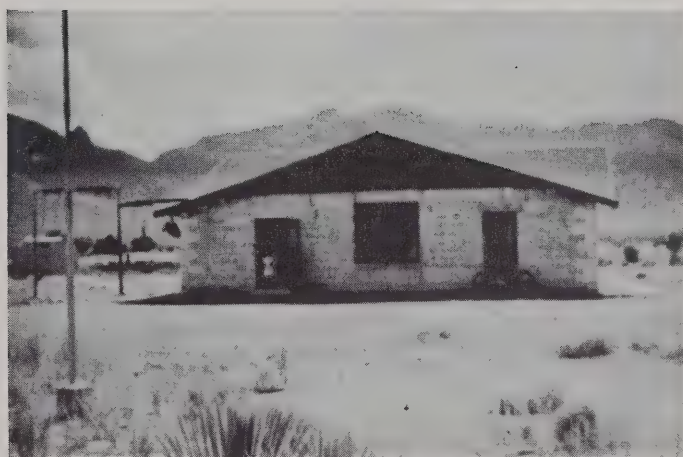


MR. AND MRS. B. F. SANFORD
AND SON



OLD ABANDONED GRAVEYARD
EAST OF RODEO

RODEO SCHOOL



RODEO SCHOOL

The first school was started in 1906 on the west side of the railroad tracks.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF VIRDEN

Virden is located in the northwestern section of what is now Hidalgo County. It is eight miles up the Gila River from Duncan, Arizona. The New Mexico-Arizona boundary line runs north and south about three miles west of Virden, between Duncan and Virden. The elevation is 3765 feet above the level of the sea.

Twelve miles northeast of Virden is the rough mountain known as Steeple Rock. It is a conspicuous landmark and may be seen for miles from the surrounding country. Another conspicuous landmark is Canister, a mountain some six miles southeast of Virden.

Virden was once known as Richmond. The town of Richmond was a Spanish American settlement and somewhat a trading center for the ranchers of the area. The Gila Ranch Company was the large landholders of the area.

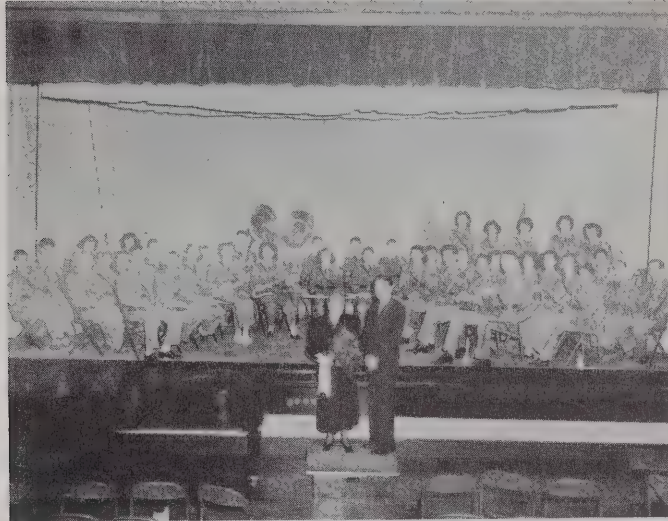
In 1912 the Mormons emigrated from Mexico and began settling or rather negotiating trades for land in the Virden Valley. Mr. Ernest W. Virden, President of the Gila Ranch Company, agreed to sell them the valley land for \$50,000 with a down payment of \$5,000 and the balance at \$500 a year. A group of men raised the money, signed the deed, and began plans to move into the area. Many of the original signers are still residents of Virden and all of the landowners are descendants of the first emigrants into the valley.

On Christmas day 1915 the first settlers moved on their new land. The land was surveyed and divided equally. The colonists drew numbers for their choice of land after the survey was completed. The townsight was cut up into blocks and each member was given a block. Virden was placed in the center of the newly purchased land, it is half way from the Arizona line to the bridge that now crosses the Gila River. The townsight's name was changed from Richmond to Virden in honor of Earnest Virden who made it possible for the purchase of the land.

Since the advent of the new settlers, farming has been the primary industry of the valley.

Since 1919 when Hidalgo County was formed Virden has been a part of the county. Virden was incorporated in 1930.

LORDSBURG PUBLIC SCHOOLS



LORDSBURG PUBLIC SCHOOL BAND - 1948
Grade School in foreground, High School and Football Field in background.

In 1884 the citizens of Shakespeare and Lordsburg decided that they must have a school. As the trustees lived in Silver City it was difficult to transact any business because of the long dangerous trip to that city in a buggy and also of the danger of attack by hostile Indians. Finally the board in Silver City appointed the people in Lordsburg to examine Miss May Davenport, daughter of the Grant County Superintendent of Schools. Miss Davenport was hired as the first teacher for a term of three months. She was followed by Mr. Tiner, Charles App, Miss Rowley, Miss Clara Salkeld, Mr. J. T. Phillipin, Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Petterson, Miss Nettie Munson, Mrs. Nettie Musnon Shrine, L. C. McGrath and Miss Emma Marble.

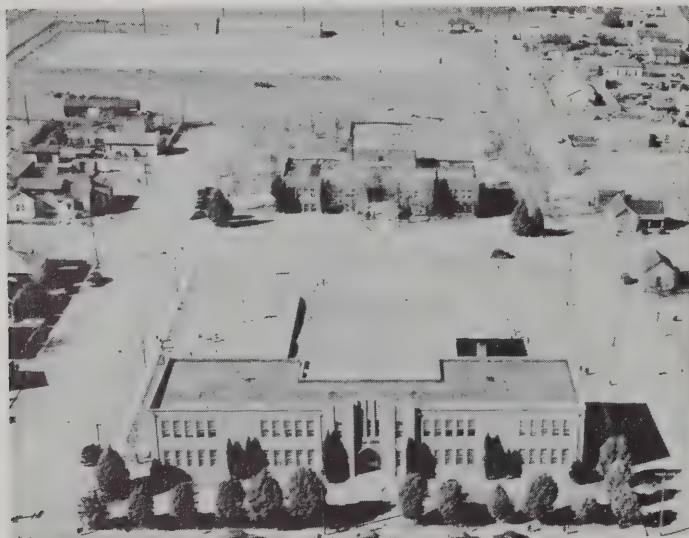
It is interesting to note that Lemuel C. McGrath was valedictorian in the first graduating class of the Agricultural College at Las Cruces, New Mexico and elected to teach school at a salary of \$100.

Lordsburg schools began growing and Miss Emma Marble taught in the Old Plank One Room School and Miss Ida Cain taught the primary grades in a room north of the old schoolhouse which was rented for that purpose. Later the Old Plank Schoolhouse was replaced by a beautiful brick building. The schools have continued their steady growth and today the most modern techniques in teaching and equipment are used. Lordsburg High School now has an enrollment of over three hundred.



L. C. McGRATH

County Superintendent of Schools, Grant County, Territory of New Mexico. Graduated in first class of Pioneer School. Attended the Agricultural College and was valedictorian of his class in Las Cruces, New Mexico, 1894. Taught the Lordsburg School in 1895-'96.



LORDSBURG HIGH SCHOOL
BASEBALL TEAM
About 1921

LORDSBURG HIDALGO LIBRARY

By Mrs. Claude B. Fuller

The Lordsburg Woman's Club went from door to door in the autumn of 1919 asking the citizens of Lordsburg to give books toward the beginning of a library. The people gave about one hundred books from their shelves.

The very first library service was in a tiny concession room in the outside lobby of the Star Theatre, where now stands the Palace Theatre. Women's Club members served as librarians by turn, Saturday afternoons or paid forfeits of one dollar each.

The Club gave a minstrel show and put the receipts into juvenile books. The library was put into the hands of Mrs. Maomi Peppin, who had a candy shop where now stands the Schwartz building, fronting on First Street. In about a year the library was moved to the Egon News Stand, Mrs. J. G. Egon becoming the librarian. In 1924, the club rented a small house on First Street and the library began to take on the air of a real reading service. The city budget had been contributing tax funds for a year. Shortly after the new courthouse was built in 1927, room was given the library in the basement.

In 1928, the county's general fund too embraced the library in its budget. In the same year, the woman's club appointed Mrs. C. B. Fuller to organize a City-County Library, to be independent of the club. The books were then allowed to be moved to the second floor by the district judge. Furnishings were purchased and Hidalgo County now had an attractive library. Mrs. Mathilde Johnson and Mrs. I. C. Conner were elected first and second librarians.

When Work Project Administration buildings were going up all over the country, the library board, with great maneuvering, took advantage of the opportunity to acquire a library home. A second room in the courthouse had been added, due to the growth of the project. In August, 1937, the beautiful Aztec-Pueblo style building was completed and the library moved in. The Dewey Decimal index system is used and the library is credit to the town.

FIRST WATER SYSTEM IN LORDSBURG IN 1880

Rewritten from the Western Liberal, December 23, 1887

Seven years ago (1880) the Southern Pacific Railway Company began the difficult task of securing water here in quantities sufficient for all their purposes. Their first efforts were successful in a manner. They began drilling east of the depot building and went down 460 feet, finding plenty of water. But the drill became detached, and, in trying to recover it, the gripping irons were lost. After working for sometime to recover them, the work was finally entirely abandoned.

Then they began to dig a well not far from where the New Mexico and Arizona railroad depot now stands. After working at this for sometime, it caved in and that work was also abandoned. The next point was above Shakespeare, where they began operating more than a year ago (1885). An inclined shaft was sunk down to 208 feet, where they came in contact with considerable water that increased as the work advanced. Now the flow of water (1887) is 90,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, increasing rapidly. At the well the company is building a large reservoir of stone and cement for storage purposes. The reservoir is 300 feet above Lordsburg.

The pipe is laid and water first came into Lordsburg opposite the Liberal office on last Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, amid yells, waving of hats, and shaking of hands among the throng of people who had assembled to watch the outpour of this strange liquor. The workmen soon connected the pipe with a 50,400 gallon tank erected by the company for their use. Pipemen are now laying a 4-inch pipe through the principal streets for fire protection and for general household use.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company is entitled to a great deal of credit for this enterprise. The citizens of Lordsburg should appreciate their endeavors in trying to help our community. We have the climate, and now we have the water. The company has expended years of effort and more than \$60,000 (note another record states \$100,000) in this enterprise alone.

NEWSPAPERS

By Mrs. John T. Muir

In 1883 the Jones Brothers brought their paper the "Advance" from Hillsborough to Lordsburg. This was the first paper in this community. It was an eight sheet, six column paper and at the time, the largest paper printed in the Territory of New Mexico. In 1887 R. H. Jones moved to Ysleta, Texas and edited the Ysleta Report.

As far as I have been able to learn through diligent search for the past twenty years there are no copies of the "Advance" with the exception of one issue which was published for the Christmas edition by the Jones boys and Lem and Herb McGrath in 1885, a copy of which I have in my old paper collection.

Success comes to a town or community when its paper thoroughly believes in it, and its faith is shown by its works. When the Lordsburg Liberal goes abroad its home County and State is spoken of so beautifully that it leaves an impression in the minds of strangers that there is no community or State on the continent like it.

The first issue of the Lordsburg Western Liberal was published by Don Kedzie, November 11, 1887 and issued fifteen hundred copies which was an insufficient number by two or three hundred.

It was a new ship, strongly riveted and copper bottomed which was launched upon the troubled sea of journalism in those pioneer days where so many staunch ships with as large cargo of good intentions were battered to pieces on the adverse rocks, while the Lordsburg Liberal is still sailing on, having weathered every financial storm and gale for the past fifty-six years. In 1919 the paper was renamed the Lordsburg Liberal and in 1920 it was declared to be the official publication for Hidalgo County.

On December 31, 1912 appeared The Lordsburg Leader, a weekly news magazine issued every Tuesday by J. E. Allen and J. R. Ownby, owners and publishers. Myron A. Goss was the Manager. This interesting journal continued until 1915.

THE FIRST BLACKSMITH SHOP



MR. WILLIAM BLACKBURN

One of the first blacksmiths - standing in front of the blacksmith shop. He was also a charter member of the Knights of Pythias.

The first blacksmith shop was built and owned by O. R. Smyth and Windsor of Shakespeare. The first blacksmiths in the early days were James Sterling, M. H. Givens, Frank Proctor and William Blackburn.

THE FIRST DOCTOR

When the Southern Pacific Railroad was finished, Dr. A. N. Simpson, a noted surgeon, heard of the new town hidden far away in the vast wasteland and with his library of medical books, his surgical tools, and a kit of medicine, moved into Lordsburg. He filed on a homestead, built a home, and made Simpson's addition the first to be added to the town.

THE FIRST POSTMASTER

The people of Lordsburg got their mail at Shakespeare until 1881 when Mrs. J. P. Ownby was appointed Lordsburg's first postmistress and the post office was in her home. The Ownby home was the first building in Lordsburg, the section house.

THE FIRST DRUG STORE

Dr. Gaddis, father of Mrs. Jettie Killebrew, owned and operated the first drug store in Lordsburg, and G. W. Stauble was the first prescription clerk. Dr. Gaddis sold the drug store to W. H. Small in 1884. Mr. Small put in the first stationery and Christmas goods.

FIRST INSURANCE AGENCY

O. S. Warren was the first Insurance Agent in Lordsburg and secured the entire business. In 1885, Mr. Warren died and his capable widow conducted the business for many years. Mrs. Warren sold her insurance business to A. W. Morningstar and J. L. Augustine, who later sold out to The First National Bank of Lordsburg.

FIRST BANK

In 1907, John T. Muir, Judge Ben Titus and W. H. Small interested Frank R. Coon, a young banker from Nebraska who was working in a Silver City Bank, to come to Lordsburg and organize the first bank. This bank is one of the few in New Mexico or any other state that has had continued service since its organization.

FIRST LUMBER COMPANY

Smyth and Windsor of Shakespeare started the first lumber company. B. Titus was their manager. Later Mr. Titus bought the business and in 1906 sold out to the W. F. Ritter Lumber Company of which J. P. Jeffus is manager.

FIRST BOOTMAKER AND SHOE REPAIR SHOP

Otto Johnson, the bootmaker at Shakespeare, moved his shop to Lordsburg on November 2, 1881. He built a shop and home on the site now occupied by the Railroad Club.

FIRST BARBER SHOP

Mr. Monier in 1882 bought the lot east of the Vandome Hotel and built a barber shop with living quarters in the rear and moved from Shakespeare.

FIRST TELEPHONE LINE - ON BARBED WIRE FENCE

The first telephone line in Lordsburg was built from Mrs. W. H. Marble's residence to the ranch home of John T. Muir, fifteen miles southeast of town. Eugene Clapp, then the Southern Pacific agent, living in the two story old depot, wanted to try making a telephone line by using a barb wire fence for the connecting line. The Arizona and New Mexico Railroad Company gave Mr. Muir permission to use the top wire of their rail for that purpose. Muir bought two telephones and these were installed by Mr. Clapp. The result was a perfect phone in dry weather.

A few phones were also connected from some of the business houses to places of residents in Lordsburg. It is also interesting to know that all the messages on the railroad phone could be heard over the phones using the fence as a line, although they had no connection whatsoever between them.

This first line was connected in the same manner with the Mrs. S. J. Mitchell ranch, Ed Quincy and M. Akers, W. Smyth and Lawrence ranches and was extended on the Brockman Station to the homes of Ed Staggs and the late Nick Powers, using barb wire for all lines.

A little later, J. E. Allen installed a telephone system in Lordsburg and this barb wire line was connected with the central office. J. E. Allen's lines, the first telephone system to be put in the town, was not only a success, but the service was the best in the U. S. Whenever there was any special music in Lordsburg, Mr. Allen would ring the people on the barb wire phone-line, telling them to take down their receivers and listen. Then he would drop a receiver at the place of the entertainment. The people in the county on the barb wire line enjoyed many musical hours, thanks to Mr. Allen, who cared little about expense as long as he served the people. This line was later leased to E. M. Luckie, then sold to the Bell Telephone Company. The Bell Telephone still operates the system with the modern telephone inventions.



FIRST OFFICERS OF HIDALGO COUNTY

-- 1920 --

W. B. Hatfield, Commissioner 2nd District; W. Inderriden, Commissioner 2nd District; Frank Curry, Assessor; F. R. Coon, Treasurer; J. Leahy, Sheriff; R. M. Reynolds, Clerk; Raymond R. Ryan, District Judge; J. S. Vaught, District Attorney; James Edgar, Commissioner 1st District; J. W. Gould, Probate Judge; J. L. Augustine, Superintendent of Roads; Mrs. Luella S. Clark, Superintendent of Schools; Frank W. Parker, Chief Justice, Supreme Court of New Mexico.

FIRST COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT



MRS. LUELLA CLARK

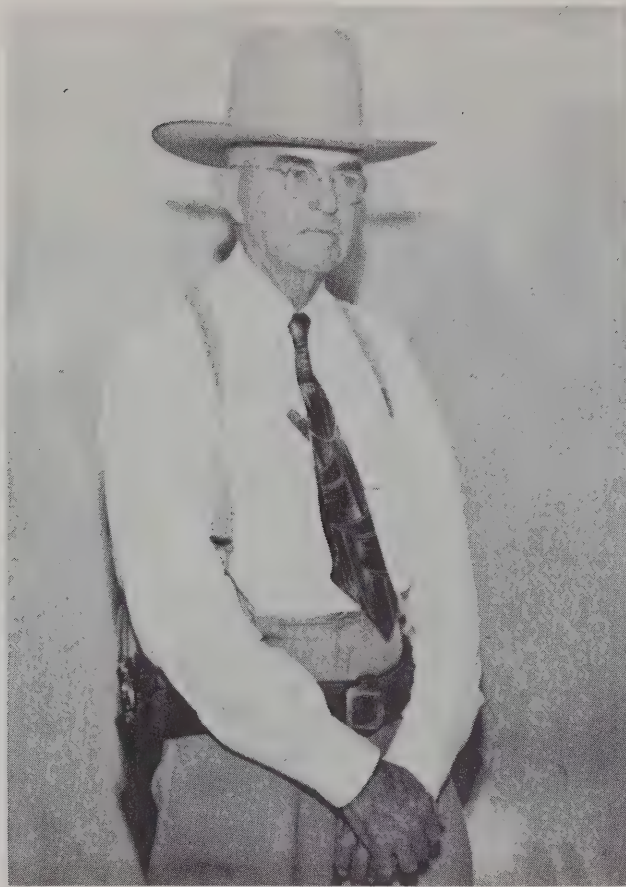
Mrs. Luella Clark, a resident of Lordsburg for thirty-six years, served as Hidalgo County's first Superintendent of Schools, in 1921. She came to Lordsburg from Davenport, Iowa. She was born in Illinois and spent part of her life living in Minnesota.

Mrs. Clark with her husband, the late John Henry Clark, lived for several years at the Old 85 Mine, after moving to Lordsburg. When the mines ceased operations they moved into town where they were engaged in the electrical construction business:

She served as teacher at Valedon and Lordsburg Schools and at the present time is doing substitute teaching in Lordsburg.

Mrs. Clark is noted for her untiring ability in doing the duties she might meet with from day to day. She is a member of the Episcopal Church, Order of the Eastern Star, Pythian Sisters, Past Matron's Club, Business and Professional Women's Club, Delta Kappa Gamma, President of the Hidalgo County School Board, and a member of the executive committee of the New Mexico Tuberculosis Association.

HIDALGO COUNTY'S FIRST SHERIFF



SHERIFF OSCAR ALLEN
The first and present sheriff of Hidalgo County

Oscar Allen was born in Mississippi and came to New Mexico at an early age. He came to Lordsburg October 28, 1902 from Portales.

He worked for a time on the Lazy B Ranch and later worked in the 85 Mine before beginning his career as a peace officer in 1910. He worked as deputy sheriff until 1929 and then announced for the office of sheriff.

He was elected to this office in 1921 becoming the first sheriff ever elected to the office in Hidalgo County. He served a four year term at this time and since then has served three four year terms. He has served as deputy off and on during his absence as sheriff.

Mr. Allen has lived in Lordsburg continuously since 1903. Previous to that time he lived for a short period in Redrock, Tyrone, and Silver City.

He has proven his ability as peace officer by his unfailing sense of duty and his regard for the obligation of good citizenship.

FIRST RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION

In 1885 the ladies of Shakespeare, Pyramid and Lordsburg organized the Ladies' Guild and supported a Union Sunday School. This was the first religious organization in the area now known as Hidalgo County.

The Ladies' Guild society commenced its history in Lordsburg, May 27, 1885 for the purpose of aiding and supporting a Sabbath School with Mrs. L. M. Lincoln as President, Mrs. J. P. Ownby, Vice-President, Mrs. I. R. Birt, Secretary, and Mrs. W. H. Small, Treasurer. It was through the untiring efforts and perseverance of these members that the society assumed such a grand influence among the people of the Lordsburg community. Later funds were raised and a house was bought and dedicated to the Sunday School, and the society was reorganized under the name of the Sunday School Aid Society with Mrs. J. M. Classen, President; Mrs. W. D. Griffith, Vice-President; Mrs. J. G. Park, Secretary; Mrs. W. H. Marble, Treasurer.

Later the property was sold to Richard Hart who had come to this country interested in mining and cattle raising.

After the sale of this property, all religious and political meetings were held in the plank schoolhouse until the Methodist and Christian Churches were built. W. D. Griffith was the first Superintendent of the Union Sunday School.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH



THE BAPTIST CHURCH

The Baptist Church of Lordsburg was organized June 24, 1907. There were eight charter members: Mr. and Mrs. Levi Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Cappleman, Mrs. Eval Marshall, Miss Inez Wright, Mrs. Lucy Marsalis, and Mrs. Fannie Billa.

After the organization of the Baptist Church the members met in private homes for worship until 1909, when the present church was completed. The first services in the new church were held on Easter Sunday, April 15, 1909. In 1941 the old church was remodeled and made larger.

The special "Home Coming Day" service, to celebrate the final payment of the church, was held on Easter Sunday, April 17, 1938. With quiet satisfaction, the large congregation watched the deacons burn the mortgage, at the close of the program.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

In 1888 the Rev. J. Gheldof took charge of the Lordsburg Parish and visited at different times Clifton, Morenci and Lordsburg. He managed to buy a two room hut built of railroad ties and by removing the partition made the first Catholic Church in Lordsburg. This humble place of worship was built in about 1890. Father Michael Vandermaesen succeeded him from 1891 to 1894.

In 1894 Vicar General Mons. P. Timmermans was the Missionary Priest and visited Lordsburg at different intervals until he was forced to resign the Parish of Clifton on account of ill health in June, 1907. Father Joseph Marie Carnet, French, was appointed from 1907 to 1916, when Lordsburg was canonically erected a parish in the new diocese of El Paso.

There is no knowledge of the first service performed in Lordsburg since all the records of 1887 to 1891 were destroyed by fire in Clifton.

Joseph Leahy and M. W. McGrath were very instrumental in the building of the new church which still is in use. The land for the building was bought on February 28, 1890, from Bertha Philbrick and deeded to Peter Bourgrade, Bishop of Tucson at this time. The Missionary Priest who built the church was Fr. J. O. Barrette.

Pastors with permanent residences in Lordsburg were Father Norbert Zudaire, Spanish, 1916 to 1918; Father Henry Berg, German, one year; Father Francis M. Alva, one year; Father Richard Power, Canadian, 1921 to 1937; Father Joseph McCarnet, French, 1937 to 1940; Father Francis Basile, American, one year; Father Daniel Leo Thistle, American, 1941 to 1942 when he enlisted as Chaplain in the Army Air Corps, Father Felipe Grive, Spanish, took charge in October, 1942, and during his past five years he has repaired both buildings, installed a youth program, and began catechism instructions.

Fr. Daniel F. Kennelly is now the pastor of the church. He has started plans for the building of the first Catholic School in Lordsburg.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST



THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

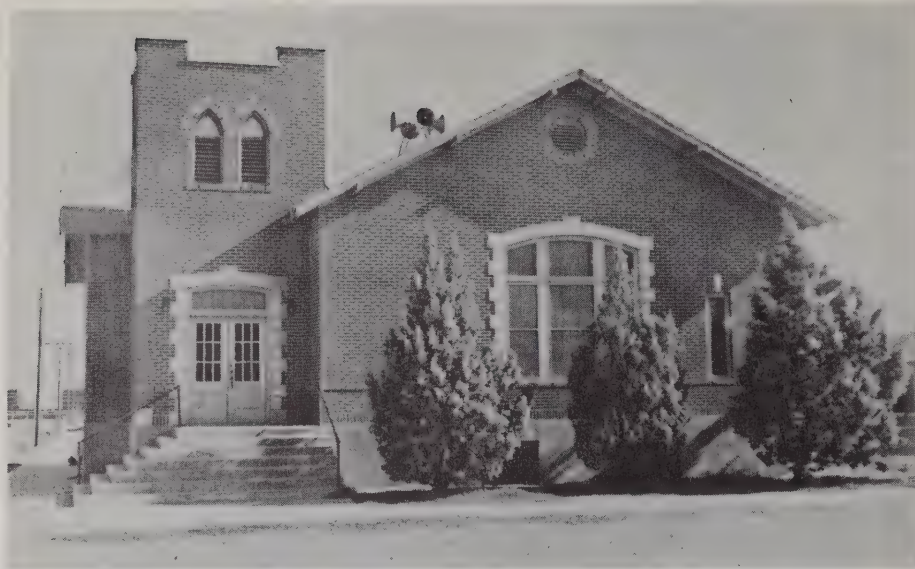
The Church of Christ was organized February 27, 1896, with an enrollment of nineteen names. Before this time John A. Chenoweth had preached in Lordsburg at irregular intervals for a period of ten years. On February 21, 1896, S. K. Hallam, minister of the Church of Christ in El Paso came to Lordsburg and began a series of meetings in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chenoweth.

Under the leadership of Mr. Hallam membership increased, and immersion was in the tanks near B. B. Ownby's house, where the church was organized. C. M. Coggin was clerk of the church.

By March 19, 1899 the church had increased to sixty-seven members. J. P. Ownby bought the Roxy Jay Saloon building at Shakespeare, and he donated it to the church.

The church has been active since its beginning. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Wood were the first members of the church to be married in the church building. Their daughter, Ruth E. Wood, was one of the last to be married in the church. She is the wife of Rev. Roy J. Smith.

THE METHODIST CHURCH



THE METHODIST CHURCH

The first meetings of the Methodist Church was held in the one room plank school-house in Lordsburg. The first church erected in Lordsburg was the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The church was officially organized in January, 1896. The ceremony of laying the cornerstone was conducted September 26, 1896. The Rev. G. M. Adams of Phoenix, a former presiding elder of Arizona, conducted the impressive exercises. The stone was about twelve by eighteen inches. In the receptacle were placed a copy of the short Bible, a hymn book, a short sketch of the history of the Methodist Church of Lordsburg, a copy of the subscription list and a copy of the Lordsburg Liberal. It is interesting to note that the first couple to be married in the church was Sylvester M. Chase and Miss Anna A. Marshall with L. I. Gladney officiating and the first baby to be baptized was Sylvia Chase. Rev. W. S. Huggett officiated.

Practically all the pioneer families in this county donated money for the building. W. H. Small gave the lot, B. B. Ownby hauled the lumber, and W. H. Marble donated the rock for the foundation and hauled it to the church site.

The first stewards of the church were Mrs. J. M. Adams, Mrs. M. M. Crocker, Mr. W. D. Griffith. The church trustees were W. D. Griffith, Dr. M. M. Crocker, W. H. Small, J. M. Adams, and S. R. Dunagan. The charter members of the church included the stewards, the trustees, and Deliah Dunagan, Elizabeth Griffith, Mary E. Dunagan, William Shine, and Mrs. H. E. Hoffman.

1901 marks the founding of the Ladies' Missionary Society with Mrs. W. S. Huggett, President. This society is still very active.

In 1900 a lot was bought on Second and High Street for a new church and in 1925 the basement was finished and church services were held there. The first marriage here was performed by Rev. John S. Rice, uniting in marriage Miss Mary Dee Muir, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Muir, and Rex Kipp, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ewald Kipp, pioneers of El Paso, Texas.

On December 14, 1930 the new church was completed and the formal opening service was held.

"MORMON" CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Among the early organized religious groups was the Church of Jesus Christ Of Latter-Day Saints. In 1898 a group of Mormon settlers from the Franklin Ward at Thatcher, Arizona, settled on the Gila River about three miles from the Arizona line in what is now Hidalgo County. In 1914 the settlers organized the Gila Ranch Company. The town of Virden grew out of this settlement and was named Virden in honor of the Gila Ranch Company's President. The town site was surveyed in 1916 and laid out in four-acre blocks during the same year the Virden Ward was established. Up to this time this district was included in the Franklin Ward of Arizona. The Ward's at Virden and Lordsburg have a following of about five hundred.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Early in 1924 a group of Episcopal Church members met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Aldrich, in Lordsburg, to make plans to hold Episcopal services in Lordsburg.

The Rector of the church of the Good Shepherd in Silver City agreed to come and help, so for a few months church was held in the old library rooms on Shakespeare Street.

In 1926 Bishop Howden confirmed a class there and a mission of the church was established.

Then due to a change in the clergy it seemed too difficult for the Rector to come to Lordsburg. Interest lagged. Some of the working members moved away and others affiliated with other denominations. The meetings were discontinued.

During World War II the church group reorganized. Regular services were held in Lordsburg and later in the chapel at the Prisoner of War Camp. When the camp closed St. Paul's moved to the Library Building at 6th and Shakespeare Streets.

Services are held there at 7:30 P.M. on the second and fourth Sundays of each month. Rev. David Holt is the Rector. He comes from Silver City.

St. Paul's Guild meets twice a month, on the first and third Mondays at 7:30 P.M. at the homes of the members. The work of the Guild is concentrated on building a church in the not too distant future.

SALVATION ARMY

Although there is no active Salvation Army in Hidalgo County, Baron James V. Aurriemma, "Sunny Jim," financial ambassador for the Salvation Army came here for this great humanitarian organization for many years until his death recently.

The baron appeared before many public gatherings, the Lions Club, the public schools and in the theatre, using his great musical talent to extract dollars for his beloved cause. Part of this money is used here for local relief.

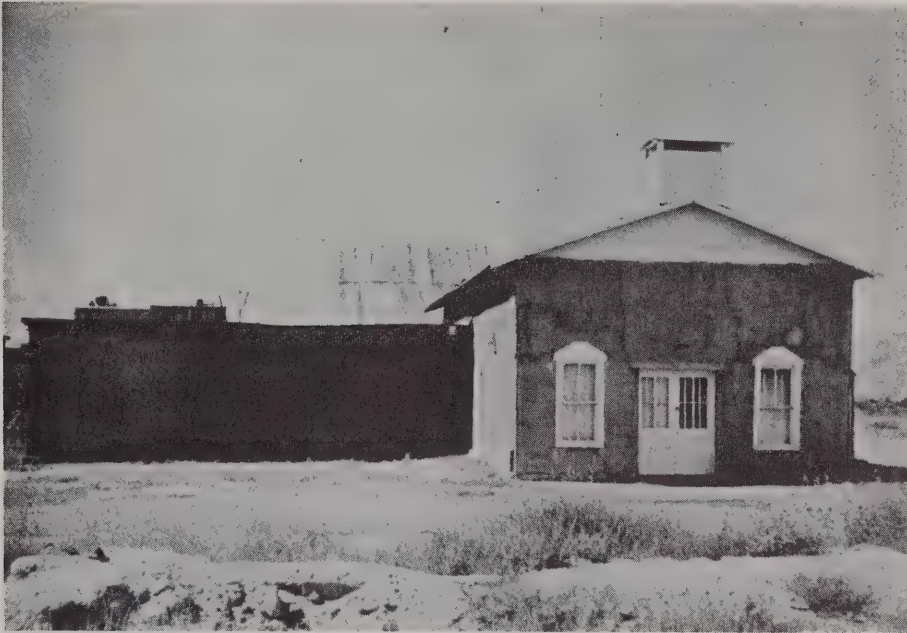
RODEO BAPTIST CHURCH



RODEO BAPTIST CHURCH

The Rodeo Baptist Church was organized in 1923 with Rev. Campbell as their first pastor. At the time of their organization they were holding services in the schoolhouse and later bought the building that they now occupy. Rev. Benson was pastor at the time the building was purchased. In December of 1948, Rev. Paul M. Chambliss came on the field as their first full time pastor. Since that time the church has built new pews and now have under construction a new building which will be used for Sunday School rooms and recreational purposes.

RODEO CHRISTIAN CHURCH



RODEO CHRISTIAN CHURCH

At the request of the brotherhood members in Rodeo, Rev. Ira M. Detchem, pastor of the First Christian Church of Douglas, Arizona organized the Rodeo Christian Church in the summer of 1931, in the Rodeo schoolhouse.

There were some twenty charter members. Among them were: Mrs. J. D. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, Sr., Mrs. R. I. Jarvis, Mrs. J. S. Harris, Mrs. Eva Blackwell, Margurite Blackwell, Mrs. W. O. Russell, J. D. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Gobble, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Gobble, Mrs. Blanche Moniger, Mr. and Mrs. John Cavin, Neomi Cavin and Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Hoggett.

Rev. Ira M. Ketchem was the first regular pastor of the church. He was followed by Reverends Joe Kearns, S. A. Lay, Marcus, Bedford Smith, Bill Lorack and the present pastor, Rev. George D. Lorack. The Lordsburg Church of Christ furnished supply pastors. Two of the supply pastors were Reverends Brimberry and Phillips.

The Rodeo Church building was first rented from Mrs. M. Tompkins of California, a former resident of Rodeo, and later purchased from Mrs. Tompkins. Much remodeling has been done, and the annex was added for Sunday School rooms and dining room.

The deacons of the church are: W. C. Miller, Guy Miller, Bueford Martin and deaconesses Mrs. J. D. Martin, Mrs. J. S. Harris, Mrs. W. O. Russell, Mrs. Bueford Martin and Mrs. W. C. Miller.

Mrs. W. C. Miller is Sunday School Superintendent. The teachers are George W. Lorack, Mrs. W. O. Russell, Mrs. Bueford Martin and Mrs. Earle Fanning. Mrs. J. C. Gould is chairman of the comfort committee, Mrs. J. S. Harris, pianist and Mrs. J. D. Martin is secretary of the church and Sunday School.

NEW MEXICO



Knight's Stage Station and Pony Express Station, between Shakespeare and Silver City on the old Stage road.

National Mail and Transportation Companies Stage Station, owned and operated by Knight.

Knight's Station for Shakespeare was about 25 miles wagon road. Knight's 1874.

THE

PONY

EXPRESS

By Emma M. Muir



The Southern Hotel was headquarters for overland stage and Pony Express.

THE PONY EXPRESS had already played its brilliant, its heroic role when I rode the bumpy rails to Lordsburg in 1882. So, too, had the Butterfield stage line, which opened the road to the iron horse. But I was still so close to the stirring drama, and knew so many of the actors, that it all became a part of my life.

The Butterfield stage was the answer to the demand of the West for quicker and safer transportation, and beginning in 1858 it carried mail, newspapers and people from rail's end at St. Louis to the gold capital of San Francisco in as few as sixteen days, though the minimum average was closer to twenty-one.

This was speed which made men blink their eyes, but they demanded more--especially for important mail. So two years later, another pioneer transportation company, then operating a stage route between the Missouri River and Salt Lake City--Russell, Majors and Waddell--dared the impossible.

On April 3, 1860, two slim riders, astride horses of racing blood, left St. Joseph, Mo, and San Francisco, each with a small packet of letters on his saddle, and began the race against time through 1,996 terrible miles of the savage land in which Indians were only one of the forms of sudden death. They followed the northern route--via Salt Lake City--which had been rejected by Butterfield because of the heavy snows. Had it not been for the gathering storm of the War between the States, they would probably have followed the Butterfield Trail through southern

New Mexico, via Shakespeare (then called Grant).

Relay stations with racing horses ready-saddled, had been strung across the continent, fifteen miles apart; at 75-mile intervals, fresh riders waited to keep the mail moving.



Tom A. Woods, of Lordsburg, when a lad rode Pony Express in 1879 from Shakespeare to Silver City.

Member of the Shakespeare Guards. His mother ran the Stratford Hotel in the early days.

They rode at the top gait of their mounts, those pioneers of speed. They traveled light. None weighed more than 140 pounds; their saddles were wafer-thin; their mail pouches held only 200 letters, and those were written on the thinnest paper that could take the strokes of a pen; they carried no arms; some even went without hats.

That first rush spanned the wilderness between St. Joseph and San Francisco--both ways--in ten days. Sometimes they did it in less time, but ten became the average--less than half the time taken by the Butterfield stages. No wonder San Francisco and St. Joseph celebrated the first arrivals with parades. No wonder the Nevada legislature adjourned to make a public holiday. No wonder the pony express, in the two years of its life before the telegraph line in 1862 ended it, has galloped into the great traditions of this country.

But long after this the pony express continued to play tag with death in New Mexico and Arizona, and Shakespeare was an exchange point for mail from the West, East and North. It continued until the railroad came and the red menace was tamed. Two of the riders lie in Shakespeare cemetery, the toll of Indian raid.

One of the runs out of Shakespeare was to Silver City, to the north. Another was to Fort Bowie in Arizona, to the west. Each was fifty or so miles long, and through Indian-infested territory.



Pony Express and Stage Station, Shakespeare



Anthony B. Conner, left, Pony Express rider; Joseph E. Conner, his brother; Mrs. Ann Knight, wife of Knight, owner of Stage Station; Mrs. Richel and Mrs. Swan, sisters of Mrs. Knight.

Thomas A. Wood, in his teens, carried the mail in 1879 on the Shakespeare-Silver City route. Once he made a double run: his relief failed, but the mail had to go through. No matter what the hardship and the danger, the men and boys--and the women--of that time could meet it.

Anthony B. Conner was another teenager on the same route during this same period. Texas-born, he was thirteen when his parents moved to New Mexico, and his father took a mail contract, the boy to do the riding. Conner was the uncle of Mrs. E. C. DeMoss and Mrs. Joe Wood, of Lordsburg. Many descendants of his family still live in this section.

Conner would leave Silver City at 2 P. M., arrive at Knight's Ranch (about midway on the journey) at 6, eat supper and change horses, and pound into Shakespeare at midnight. There he would eat dinner, exchange mail with the pony rider from Arizona, and head back, reaching Knight's Ranch at 6 A. M. for breakfast, and Silver City at 2 P. M.

"It was a long, lonesome job for a boy of my age, and Indians all around," he reminisced in the Lordsburg Liberal in 1930. "I do not believe we had moons in those days."

The years gave a whimsical touch to his recollections of danger, which at the time he

accepted as a matter of course.

"I don't want anyone to think I was scared," he continued, "But there was one thing I could not understand. My hair was curly and slightly kinky; but whenever an old coyote, waiting at the side of the road, let out a blood-curdling yelp as I came along, my hair stood straight up and pushed my hat off. My father told me that nothing could stop the U. S. mail except water or fire, so I never got off to pick up my hat. By and by, I saw that all the profit would be lost in buying new hats, so at night I tied my hat to the saddle."

He early rubbed elbows with tragedy.

"One night I rode into Shakespeare. The rider from the west had not come in. I waited two hours, which were my instructions, then returned to Silver City. The stage brought him in the next morning, dead. It was the same old story: killed in Stein's Pass by the Indians, mail poured out on the ground.

"On my next trip a man by the name of Ward was sent to take the dead rider's place. We got to Shakespeare at 12, ate our supper, changed horses, got ready to go, and I asked Ward if he had anything to shoot with. He said, No. So I told him I had a little .22 pistol in my pocket that he could take, which might keep the Indians from killing him with rocks. He laughed, and said, all right; I will return this when we meet again.

"We never met again. Ward was killed next morning between daylight and sunup in Apache Pass, about two miles from Fort Bowie (not far from the New Mexico-Arizona line); the Indians shot and killed his horse, then knocked him in the head with rocks.

"I have often wondered since then why any man in those days would carry a .22 pistol unless he wanted to make some old squaw a birthday present.

"This all happened in 1877."

These are the two pony-express riders who rest in the Shakespeare cemetery.

Even then, when the railroad was on the way and the resistance of the Indians was almost broken, the savage raids pressed close to such outposts of civilization as Shakespeare and Knight's Ranch, a stage station, only twenty-five miles away.

Conner's father operated the ranch. Because of the grass and water there, and the protection of the thick adobe walls, this was a camping spot for the ox-wagon freighters between Silver City, Clifton and Globe, Arizona.

"One afternoon," reminisced Conner, "such an outfit hooked up their teams and pulled out. They hadn't been gone from the ranch more than thirty minutes when we heard a lot of shooting in the canyon. In a little while, I saw a Mexican galloping over the hill towards the barn. He fell off his horse, crying, Indios! Indios!

"Everyone in the train was killed but him, he said. But about 4 o'clock next morning, a Mexican woman came in, scalped and bloody from head to foot. She said an Indian hit her over the head with a gun or club, knocked her down, jerked out his knife, cut the skin clear around above her ears, set his foot on her neck and jerked her scalp off. My mother and sister washed her off, gave her some clothes and sent her on the stage to Silver City.

"In the meantime three or four men had come in. They went to the scene. They found the Indians had taken about 3300 pounds of flour, poured it in the middle of the road and gone off with the sacks; had killed two oxen, cutting off what meat they wanted. The rest of the steers still were standing hitched to the wagons. The men turned them loose, and dug a hole and buried nine Mexicans. The man who owned the train came from Silver City, rounded up his oxen, hooked them to the wagons and went on to Clifton."

In 1878, Conner's father and mother, and a native ranch hand left the ranch to repair a broken-down wagon. They rode into an ambush five miles from home. The Indians shot the elder Conner out of the saddle. The ranch hand, his arm broken by a rifle ball, fled but the son stayed to help his father, if there was anything he could do.

"He had a six-shooter," Conner wrote. "The Mexican said he heard him shoot twice. We went out and got my father, who was dead, but could not find my brother until the next day. Then we saw what had happened. My brother had tried to take a short-cut trail home, but the Indians had overtaken him and shot down his horse. They then shot my brother through the

chest twice, the bullets going through him. He crawled a few yards to a cedar tree, folded his arms under his head and lay down. The Indians then shot him through both arms."

It was under constant threat of such dangers that the pony express riders carried the mail in southwestern New Mexico.

FIRST STAGE LINE -- SOUTHERN ROUTE

By Mrs. John T. Muir



Old stage coach taken at the State Banker's Convention in Lordsburg, New Mexico.

The first stage line route, was that of the San Antonio and San Diego Stage Company, which was south of the Gila River and in the later years was closely followed by the main line of the Southern Pacific. In 1857 three coaches made the journey from San Diego to Tucson in three days. Passenger and express service was subordinate to the mail contracts, from which the running expenses of the stage were assumed to come.

In 1858, the famous Butterfield stage route was operated semi-weekly over this same route, September 16, 1858, the first trip eastward started from San Francisco, at that time the eastern stage terminus was Tipton, Missouri, end of the Missouri Pacific Railroad then 160 miles long.

"John Butterfield met with a big ovation when he stepped from the train at St. Louis, with the first pouch of mail, having made the 2759 mile trip from the Pacific coast in the wonderful time of twenty-four days, twenty hours and thirty minutes. The service later became daily."

The route with its 100 coaches, 1000 head of the finest of horses and 750 brave men was abandoned at the outbreak of the Civil War when the U. S. A. government withdrew its military guard.

Daily service was re-established at the close of the Civil War, with six horse Concord Coaches. There connecting with the Southern Pacific at each succeeding terminal as the rails were laid eastward.

The stage drivers and freighters were important persons in the days before the Southern Pacific came. The stage driver and conductor, the "freighters" and his swamper were heavily armed, for outlaws, bandits and Apaches all found attractive loot in the cargo of the wagons and the express company's strong box carried in the coach.

The Southern Pacific Railroad and Highway 80 run parallel to the old stage line.

LORDSBURG'S FIRST TRAIN

By Mrs. W. H. Marble

(Written in 1930)

In writing the history of Lordsburg's first great passenger train, we are reminded of Anatole France, who tells a story of the king who insisted on a simple history of his country---and himself. "The historians worked furiously upon it. The king was not satisfied. The history was too long, he wanted it more succinct. Succinctness his royal highness had. The story was compressed into a single sentence; he was born, he lived, and he died." The real history was omitted---the struggle of love, hate, hope, despair and peace.

This writer finds herself in much the same position as those historians. While the history of Lordsburg's first great passenger train will not be confined to a single sentence, it will be similar in that, comparatively speaking, it is a brief statement of a certain few facts. The real history cannot be recorded, it lies in the realm of the intangible, it must be experienced.

October 18, 1880 was a glorious day and one long to be remembered by the citizens of southern New Mexico. Early in the day a large concourse of people assembled in the camp representing every class of society. They came from the stage stations, mining camps, ranches, rustlers' hide outs, and villages. They came in on foot, on burros, horseback, in buckboards, in ox wagons, drawn by ten to sixteen yoke of oxen, in barouches, lumber wagons, stage coaches and freight teams drawn by six to sixteen horses or mules.

The crowd was made up of the construction crew, camp followers, railroad employees, prospectors, freighters, stage drivers, cowboys, gamblers and outlaws. All had come for one purpose---to see the great "Iron Horse."

In comparison with the surrounding tent houses, the new box car which was being used as a temporary depot was quite imposing. The crowd stood around in groups talking. Some one shouted, "I see the smoke! The train is acoming!" The group began to sing:

"The railroad cars are coming,
humming through New Mexico.
The little dogs in dog town, they
wagged their little tails---
For there is something coming
riding on a rail.
The rattlesnakes showed their
fangs, and the owls hoo, hoo, hoo.
For there was something coming,
riding on a rail;
The railroad cars are coming,
humming through New Mexico."

A small engine with a large smokestack finally puffed into Lordsburg. This plugging, self-reliant steam engine--the traditional "Iron Horse"--pulled a few freight cars and one passenger coach. Lordsburg welcomed its first great passenger train. The engines were very small in those days but still they were regarded in awe by everyone. If a locomotive struck a cow the engine likely would be derailed and if on a fill it would generally roll to the bottom of the grade. Many believed that the monstrous piece of iron could never be raised again.

The coach was lighted by coal oil lamps and were heated with stoves. The seats were covered with rattan. The passengers were clothed in the styles of that day and carried traveling bags made of brown linen fastened with a small leather strap called a

shawl strap.

Let our thoughts go back to that first great passenger train. On that train perchance were young people answering the call of the West, some were coming to seek their fortunes, others to regain their health by the wonderful climate found here, for, "There's life, there's action, there's get up and go, in the tang of the air of New Mexico."

As the whistle of that train echoed among the hills of the Pyramid range of mountains that glorious day, we may speculate on the lives of the passengers it carried.

Some perchance were on errands of love, some on errands of theft. Then among the passengers on that great train were young married couples who side by side had commenced their journey through life and had chosen Lordsburg as their place of residence.

Slowly the evening sun was sinking, giving the sky its turgid mass of beauty and Pyramid Peak was painted in crimson when the first train passed by to the end of the line in a forest of Yucca near Separ. The venerable coal-burning locomotive followed closely the route chosen by the Butterfield Stage Line. The Stage Station of Barney, about five miles from the new railroad depot, which up to the day that the first train arrived had been the road of commerce and emigrants.

Ira G. Hoag was the agent, telegraph operator, express agent and baggage master. John Filliea was the road master. The two section foremen were Dan O'Connell and Tom McDonald.

Our town was named Lordsburg in honor of Mr. Lord, of Tucson, who had charge of the commissary department on this division.

The line for the railroad was located by the late chief engineer, William Hood and was built under the supervision of J. H. Strobridge, construction superintendent and Charles Crocker was president of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Charles Hovey, better known as "Dad," has been running an engine since the line was completed to Gage. Col. John Sullivan was engineer in work train service while the S. P. Co. was building its line through Southern Arizona and New Mexico.

Lordsburg is proud of its railroad and proud of the men who served in the various branches of this road from its beginning to the present day. Just as we honor the sturdy pioneers who journeyed from all corners of the earth to seek their fortunes in our town, we honor the pioneer railroad men. These pioneers laid the foundation for our institutions while the Southern Pacific added its efforts to the development of the transportation that meant so much to the growth and prosperity of the town. Proud we may be that the history of Lordsburg started at their hands.

Lordsburg in 1882 was not much more than a name dropped by the new railroad. It still got its mail from Shakespeare, which was able to count nearly twenty-two years of history. In a short time it was placed on the map and was known from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The news spread like prairie fire and a throng of fortune seekers, adventurers and gamblers, headed for the town.

Railroad Avenue, lined with tents and tent houses, became a busy thoroughfare with its immense freight wagons, stage coaches, cow-ponies and prospector's burros. A sign hanging in front of a tent house read "General Merchandise, Colonel Bennell, proprietor." In front of another tent was "O. Z. Boon's Saloon and Gautier's Restaurant."

While the S. P. Railroad was building through the southwest, J. P. Ownby and M. W. McGrath were in the service of the company in the mechanical department building station houses. They followed the line as far east as Deming when Mr. Ownby was induced to locate at Lordsburg. The company furnished him with transportation to bring his family from Bakersfield, California.

During November, 1880, Mr. Ownby returned to Lordsburg, where he was soon joined by his wife, sons, B. B. and Robert and daughter, Margaret. On their arrival Mrs. Ownby and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. B. B. Ownby were placed in charge of the section house, feeding the employees and travelers. This was the only house in Lordsburg. All

the others were tent houses. It was in this house that Russian Bill, in charge of Deputy Sheriff, Dan Tucker of Deming ate his last supper. Mrs. B. B. Ownby waited on him at the table.

J. P. Ownby, a native of Memphis, Tennessee, drove a yoke of oxen for Robert Glass in 1852 across several hundred miles of deserts, mountains and plains in a caravan of ninety wagons and three hundred people leaving Paris, Texas, to seek homes and fortunes on the Pacific coast. This caravan stopped at Leightendorf (later known as Pyramid) and Mr. Ownby was so impressed with the country and mild climate that he welcomed the opportunity to return with the railroad.

The little station's name was spelled Lordsburgh the first few years of its existence.

ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO RAILWAY

By Mary Dee Kipp

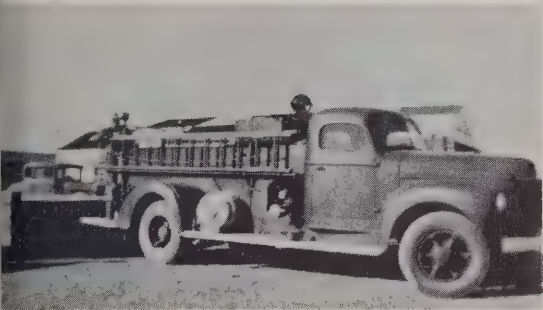
The branch line from Lordsburg to Clifton was originally built by the Arizona Copper Company as a narrow gauge road and opened for traffic on January 1, 1884. Under the name of the Arizona and New Mexico Railway the mining company reconstructed its line to standard gauge in 1901 and extended the road from Lordsburg to connect with the El Paso and Southwestern at Hachita, opening the thirty mile road to traffic on January 1, 1903. During 1920 the El Paso and Southwestern purchased the mining and railroad properties of the Arizona Copper Company. The Morenci Southern Railway Company, an organization of the Phelps, Dodge syndicate, had completed its line from Guthrie on the Lordsburg branch to Morenci late in 1901. After the El Paso and Southwestern acquired the Arizona Copper Company properties it reconstructed the Morenci line bringing it into Clifton instead of Guthrie.

When the Southern Pacific purchased the El Paso and Southwestern Company, they abandoned the line from Lordsburg to Hachita and only operated the line from Lordsburg to Morenci, Arizona.

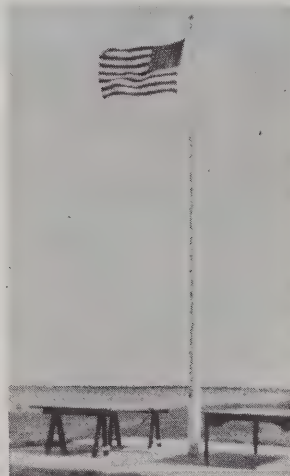
LORDSBURG MUNICIPAL AIRPORT



Col. Charles A. Lindberg at the Lordsburg Municipal Airport in May, 1926



Fire Truck of
Municipal Airport



Lordsburg Municipal Airport
July, 1948
Flag Pole Above Ping-Pong Tables



Operation Office of
Municipal Airport

The Lordsburg Landing Field is the oldest airport in New Mexico, and one of the oldest in the entire West. It was established approximately thirty-five years ago by the U. S. Army, and was maintained until the years immediately preceding World War II by the U. S. Army Air Services. The Army personnel at Lordsburg, through the years, included weather and radio men, as well as aircraft mechanics. During the war, however, the field was closed to all but Army emergency use and was leased to private interests.

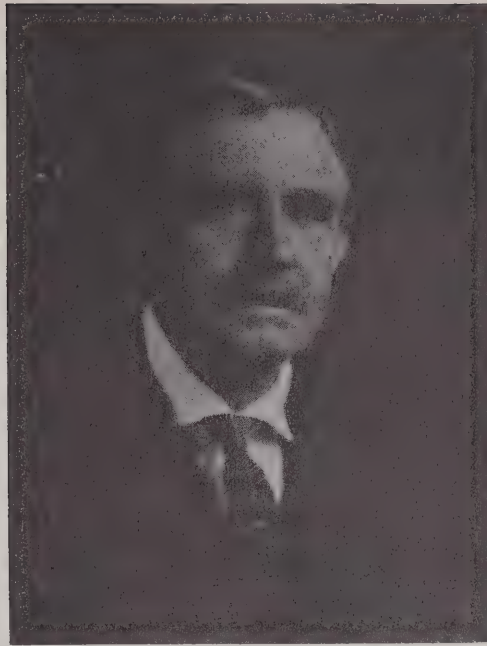
The Lordsburg Landing Field has the distinction of having had Colonel Charles A. Lindberg land here and make an address, the only one made in New Mexico, after his famous New York to Paris flight.

In January, 1947 the City of Lordsburg acquired the site, together with buildings, from the War Assets Administration to whom the property had been declared surplus by the U. S. Army Air Forces. The airport was leased at that time for a period of twenty-five years to Alan A. Koff, the present operator, and there has been a constant improvement in the facilities and services available to the flying public.

Present plans call for even greater improvement to the field, with the plan of making this field an attractive overnight or week-end resort stop. The City of Lordsburg is an important railway and highway communications hub. All traffic South from Denver and from the East through El Paso, flows through this point. Situated as the field is on the air line route from El Paso-West, it is also a natural stopping point for light as well as heavy transient aircraft. Terrain between El Paso and Lordsburg, Tucson and Phoenix to the West is much safer and much more traveled by light airplanes than the Airways route which lies along the Mexican Border somewhat to the South of Lordsburg. The Airways between El Paso and Phoenix are more indirect and definitely go over far more deserted and mountainous terrain than the direct route from El Paso - Lordsburg - Tucson. Both the railroad and pipe line, as well as the heavily traveled U. S. Highway 80 for more than half the distance, provide excellent safety checks along the route. It is hoped that in the not too distant future Skyway One will be moved to go over Lordsburg, with a communications station to be located at the Lordsburg Municipal Airport.

The Lordsburg Municipal Airport lies entirely within the Lordsburg city limits, having been established many years before housing construction in this area took place. The E-W and NW-SE runways are 7000 and 8000 feet long respectively. The hangar is painted in large red and white squares which make it visible from a great distance away. This is one of the safest fields in the entire Southwest and is used in emergency by the largest aircraft of the military services.

COL. JOHN T. MUIR



COL. JOHN T. MUIR

Tingling memories and tales are recalled of Col. John T. Muir daily from the mind and tongue of the Southwest. Col. Muir for sixty years was most active in the pioneering, settling and developing of Lordsburg, Hidalgo County, New Mexico, and the Southwest.

Mr. Muir was born in Montgomery County, Tennessee, October 15, 1861, and grew to manhood on a farm near Clarksville, Tennessee. In 1880 at the age of nineteen he came West, arriving at Santa Fe where he began work in the San Pedro Mines hauling wood and ore.

Five years later he came to Grant County, which then embraced what is now Hidalgo and Luna Counties, to become a messenger and scout for Lt. Fountain's cavalry detail at the time Chief Geronimo and his Apache Indians were terrorizing this part of New Mexico. He was bearing dispatches for Lt. Fountain at the time of the massacre at Siggins ranch on Dry Creek. He got through the Indian lines but they ambushed the soldiers, killing the captain and five enlisted men.

Mr. Muir later engaged in teaming and freighting, owned a livery stable and restaurant at Magdalena. On leaving Magdalena he took up his residence in Silver City. He hauled iron ore from Hanover and Fierro to Silver City for three years.

It was in 1888 that he took up ranching and cattle raising. On public land near Lordsburg, and from a small beginning he increased his land and cattle holdings to become one of New Mexico's most successful ranchers.

In addition to ranching, Mr. Muir also was interested in banking and served for many years as a director and president of the First National Bank of Lordsburg, being president at the time of his death, January 7, 1945.

While he took an interest in politics, the only office he held was that of representative from Hidalgo County serving over a period of ten years. Mr. Muir was honored by Gov. John J. Dempsey who promoted him to full colonel in the New Mexico National Guard.

Mr. Muir sponsored the Lordsburg Public School Band and since his death his family have sponsored the band in memory of the great pioneer.

Col. John Theodore Muir is survived by his widow, Mrs. Emma Muir, a daughter, Mrs. Rex Kipp, and three grandchildren, John Muir, William Marble and Rex Kipp, Jr. residents of Lordsburg.

"MRS. EMMA MARBLE MUIR"

Mrs. Emma Marble Muir for whom we are indebted for so much of the early history of Hidalgo County was born in Virginia City, Nevada, September 20, 1873. That year Ulysses S. Grant was inaugurated for his second term as President of the United States. The country was distressed with the scandals involving men in high public office. The states of the south (lately involved in a war which had almost torn the nation asunder) were undergoing a program of reconstruction. The West had not yet fully come into its own. In this region Emma Marble was to spend the early part of her childhood. Fabulous silver mines reaped fortunes for their owners almost overnight, until an act of Congress put an end to the free coinage of silver.

Reared in what has come to be known to many as the "wild West," Emma Marble Muir has delighted many with her reminiscences of the old days in the West. Her experiences have made her not only a delightful conversationalist, but an authority as well.

Her father, William Hall Marble and her mother Flora Jame Marble were among the early settlers in this area. In 1880, before the Southern Pacific Railroad had been extended as far west as El Paso, Texas, her father in company with Tom Kennedy, H. L. Gammon and Lee Mansfield, all from Virginia City, came overland to Shakespeare, New Mexico. H. L. Gammon will be remembered as the father of "Nat" Gammon the present manager of the Hidalgo Hotel.

Emma Marble became Mrs. John T. Muir in a marriage in Silver City, New Mexico on July 5, 1899. They have since made their home on the - T+ Ranch.



STANDING: Left to Right: B. B. Ownby, Anna M. Ownby, J. R. Ownby, Nora Ownby.
SECOND ROW: Madge Fetterly, Ralph Fetterly and Amanda Ownby.
FIRST ROW: J. P. Ownby, Zena Fetterly and R. B. Ownby.

By Mrs. John T. Muir

When the S. P. R. R. was building the railroad through the Southwest, J. P. Ownby and M. W. McGrath were in the service of the company, in the mechanical department building station houses. They followed the line as far east as Deming and here Mr. Ownby was induced to locate at Lordsburg. The company furnished him with passes to bring his family from Bakersfield, California, and free transportation for his household goods.

In November (sixty-seven years ago) he returned to Lordsburg where he was soon joined by his family. His wife, their two sons, B. B. and R. B. and daughter, Margaret and their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Anne Ownby, wife of B. B. They were placed in charge of the section houses (the only houses in Lordsburg at that time).

They furnished meals for the railroad men, travelers and section men. It was here that Russian Bill in charge of deputy Sheriff Dan Tucker ate his last supper. Mrs. Anne Ownby waited on him, November 8, 1881.

According to Judge B. B. Ownby, who with Mrs. Ownby has lived in Lordsburg since January 27, 1881, the newlyweds coming here from Bakersfield, California, soon after the Southern Pacific Railroad had built their tracks a few miles east of Lordsburg.

There were no buildings of any kind when the Ownby's arrived so they lived in the section house. It wasn't completed but they lived in it for a while, then they built a small home right in the middle of the settlement where they lived for about a year then they moved into the depot, which was a two story building. They lived there for about fourteen months at which time they built another home a little further east not far from the railroad and moved there.

This venerable couple have seen Lordsburg grow from its very foundation to its present commanding place in the commercial and tourist world.

In the early days Lordsburg was infested by many rustlers and smugglers. It was named for a member of the firm of Lord and Williams who operated a commissary on the railroad. It first was spelled Lordsburgh and later the "h" was eliminated.

The Ownby's established a little boarding house and many times were called upon to feed the bad men of the region and Judge says that all of this gentry demeaned themselves like gentlemen when in their boarding house.

V. Z. Boon, captain of these rustlers owned a saloon and on one occasion came to the Ownby boarding house and wanted Ownby's to feed these rustlers when they came in. Judge Ownby's father told Boon that they did not like to take that class because they were plenty tough and the women were waiting on the tables, and they did not want to get into trouble. Boon advised Mr. Ownby that all they had to do when they came down there was to give them what they wanted and if one of them ever said anything out of the way just let him know and that would be the last time.

The Southern Pacific Railroad was completed to El Paso, Texas on the seventh day of May, 1881, and Judge Ownby in company with about sixty men rode down to El Paso on two flat cars drawn by an engine. From that time on Judge and Mrs. Ownby have seen the growth of Lordsburg from nothing to its present enviable position in the commercial and tourist world.

They have seen railroad avenue, which is the principle street of the now City, grow from one S. P. building to nearly two miles of the finest business houses, hotels, camp grounds, garages, filling stations and cafes inferior to none in the United States. They have seen great mines established within this immediate area and have noted the growth of the livestock industry and have noted its advancement to one of the tourist Meccas of the U. S.

Judge Ownby is one of the three surviving members of the Territorial Militia, and is now Judge Advocate of New Mexico and Texas for the United Indian War Veterans.

The Judge was one of the early militiamen who was engaged in the chasing of Indians, rustlers and smugglers and they kept this up from 1881 until 1886.

The Ownby's have seen the Lordsburg School system develope into one of the best in the State. They have seen the erection of churches of all denominations and building up of one of the best social systems in the west.

THE GREAT

DIAMOND

SWINDLE

By Emma M. Muir



The Harts Ran The Assay Office At Shakespeare

The Left, Standing: Richard Hart,
Walter Hart (seated), Sister,
Charles Hart.

Richard Hart First Lieut. of the
Shakespeare Guards. Walter Hart
Member, organized August, 1879.

GRANT, the stage stop named for the general who saved the Union was established because of the need for an alternate stage route to escape the Indians. The main line passed through Barney, near today's Lordsburg, and entered Arizona Territory through Doubtful Canyon; but in 1856 the Indian tribes, especially the Apaches and the Navajos, rose against the advance of white civilization and began the bloody warfare which was not ended until 1886, when General Nelson A. Miles broke the revolt. Doubtful Canyon was made to order for ambuscade; and when Indians were known to be in that part of the country, the stage was routed via Grant through Stein's Pass. A third alternate route was by Leitzendorfer's Well, through Granite Gap. The alternate routes swung back to the main line at San Simon, in Arizona.

As the Leitzendorfer route was chosen because of the well, so was the Grant route laid out because of a spring which in those days poured forth its living waters.

Grant did not long remain the small relay stage station, inhabited only by Uncle Johnny Evensen and a hostler when that assistant was not out chasing Indians or getting himself shot in the casual way of the frontier. Nor did Grant long keep that name.

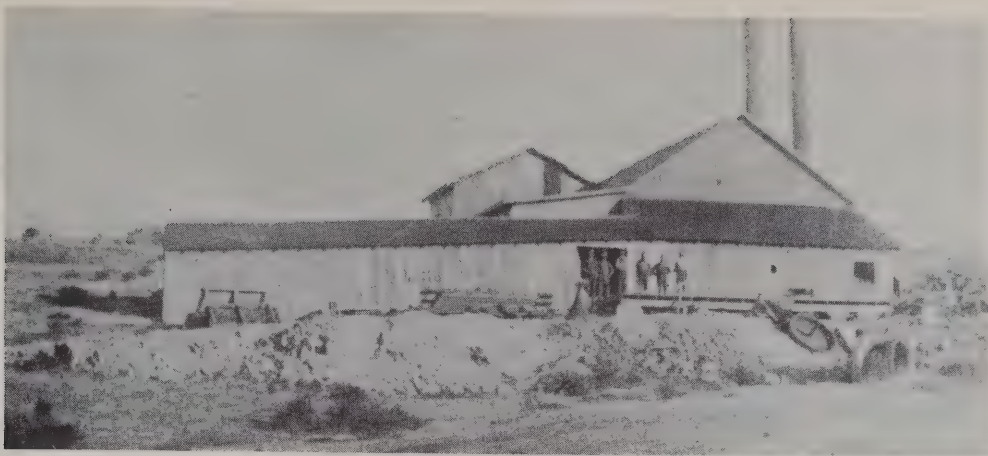
An early visitor to the place was W. D. Brown, who had dropped out of a government survey party through Southwestern New Mexico. Once a prospector, he prowled the Pyramid Mountains. He discovered some bold and extensive outcroppings of ore rock, and picked up several specimens which were rich with silver. With these he hurried to San Francisco, the center of mining speculation. He showed them to the experts of Harpending and Company, of which William C. Ralston was the leading spirit. Ralston, organizer of the Bank of California, was on the flood tide of his fabulous career, the ambition of which was to build San Francisco on a plane to challenge New York. The Comstock Lode of Virginia City, Nevada, had already begun to pour its silver wealth into the bank and the many business enterprises which Ralston had projected.



Uncle Johnny Evensen



The Old Grant House (or Pioneer House)
Mrs. W. H. Marble; Wm. Marble Bell in cart;
Mrs. Bell and Tom; Peter Iochen and Mrs.
Browning.



The Mill at Shakespeare



LEE'S PEAK

Diamond Swindle. The Butterfield road was just below where I've marked.

Ralston's prospectors were overrunning the country in search for new ores to tap into that swelling stream of gold that was pouring into San Francisco.

It was an easy-money time. The frenzy of trading strained the walls of the San Francisco Stock Exchange. Speculation possessed California; any promise of mineral wealth found immediate takers. People put all they could raise into mining stocks.

So when Brown's specimen assayed 12,000 ounces of silver to the ton, Ralston leaped to the opportunity. He organized a claim-staking expedition to New Mexico, with Brown as guide.

The expedition reached Grant early in 1870, and in the Pyramids, between there and Leitendorfer, laid out the Virginia Mining District, 6x20 miles, and staked many claims. Ralston sent agents to Europe to drum up capital for this new development. He set his sights on a company capitalized at 6,000,000 pounds, sterling, and sold stock at a great rate.



One Of The Early Families At Shakespeare
Jack Menier, standing with gun;
Mr. and Mrs. Menier and daughter,
Mr. Menier stands in doorway;
Lady next was the maid; Sallie Stevens,
wife of Jim Stevens and her son, Jake
Stevens, grandson of Supt. Capt.
Stevens of the Atwood Mine.



A group of Lordsburg old timers, now deceased:
Judge B. B. Ownby, Col. Willard
Holt, and Col. John T. Muir.

By mail and by telegraph and by word of mouth the news went forth that an astonishing treasure chest had been found in the wilderness of southwest New Mexico. Soon Uncle Johnny Evensen had plenty of company--and he had to labor mightily at beans, bacon and sourdough biscuits to still the cries of the hungry. By the end of the year the population had jumped to 174, according to the U. S. census report, which added the uplifting note that only twenty were illiterates.

Grant rated a post office; and with the arrival of the first appointee, Henry O. Rogers, to serve that need, on December 8, 1870, it was renamed Ralston, in honor of the Californian who had rubbed Aladdin's lamp.

Subsequent years were to yield millions in mineral value there, but the eager fortune-seekers soon found that the field offered small hopes for the man with just a pick and a pan. For the ore was difficult to work, and most of it was low-grade stuff. Only here and there could they find chunks of rock which suggested the gaudy promise of Brown's specimens. Those who had come expecting to become millionaires overnight, tarried in the hope of jobs when the large and costly equipment, needed for extracting the silver, was installed.

Meanwhile, certain prospectors had carried back the word to other companies that the Ralston outfit had ignored the laws of New Mexico in staking the claims, and these companies immediately jumped the claims.

Then ensued a tangle of litigation which prevented anyone from driving a shaft or opening a stope. This hopeless situation dragged on and on, and gradually the population drifted away, leaving the merchants only such trade as came in from the desert, and restoring to Uncle Johnny the old-time leisure, broken only by his daily climb of the small hill near the spring to watch for the appearance of the stage on the brown rutways through the grotesque yucca growth. The town of Ralston was dead.

A strange combination of circumstances galvanized it to sudden life.

Philip Arnold and John Slack, a couple of forty-niners, appeared at the Bank of California in San Francisco to leave a bag of precious stones there. They made a show of keeping the contents secret, but let the secret out: the bags were filled with diamonds. They had discovered a diamond field!

Needless to say, this interested Banker Ralston who already had large mine holdings in Nevada, California, and in New Mexico.

Ralston, who dreamed in millions, saw beckoning to him an even vaster wealth than he had believed possible. He immediately began to dicker with Arnold and Slack for the purchase of their claims. Before a price was agreed on, sample stones were sent to Tiffany's, and gem experts pronounced them genuine diamonds and appraised their value at about \$120,000. One of the outstanding mining experts of the day, Henry Janin, was retained to examine the field.

By this time the whole country was agog over reports of diamond discoveries. Arnold and Slack, and Ralston and his associates, kept the location of the claims secret, but every promoter and every prospector west of the Mississippi claimed to know the location. And immediately additional companies were organized to prospect for diamonds and other precious stones.

Some said the fields were in Arizona Territory, some reported they were in Colorado, others that they were in Wyoming or Utah.

Uncle Johnny Evensen, the stage station keeper at Ralston, used to tell later that the diamond fields were right there at the foot of Lee's Peak. After many years of listening to Uncle Johnny, the habit of believing his stories is so strong that even in the face of other evidence, it would be hard to believe that the "diamond field" was not right there where he said it was--at the foot of Lee's Peak.

Arnold and Slack led the Ralston associates, including the mining expert, Janin, to the diamond fields. In crevices between rocks, in pack-rat holes, and in the nests of big, red ants, the party picked up precious stone after precious stone. After three days of the exciting quest they left for San Francisco to report to Ralston. Janin, the expert, reported the field was genuine, and of unbelievable richness. He received for his labor \$2500 in cash and 1,000 shares of stock in the \$10,000,000 San Francisco and New York Mining and Commercial

Company, which Ralston organized.

The company bought out Arnold and Slack for \$600,000. Ralston himself subscribed for \$300,000 worth of stock, and he was elected treasurer of the new company.

The whole West was excited by the rumors and stories of the diamonds--although the location was still kept a closely guarded secret.

But, apparently because of Ralston's ownership of the Virginia Mining District claims at Ralston, the New Mexico location was believed by many people to be the scene of the new diamond field. Prospectors began flocking in to the area. The mining camp, which had been slowly dying, became a boom town almost overnight.

A few old timers and some of the families of early arrivals still talk about the excitement of the diamond fever there.

New discoveries of precious stones were next reported from Arizona, in the Fort Defiance area, and from Colorado. At least a couple more diamond companies were organized, and prospectors were sent into the field--all over the West--to hunt for the precious stones. The Arizona fields began to get a lot of publicity because of the discovery of a ruby--variously estimated to be worth from \$25,000 to \$250,000--in the Fort Defiance area. During the summer of 1872 the papers were full of the diamond excitement.

Clarence King, a government geologist, member of the Fortieth Parallel Commission, decided to investigate the diamond fields. He learned the location of the Ralston company's field and accompanied by a German went there to see for himself. They dug around and discovered some diamonds--then King's attention was called by the German to a really unusual find. The man had uncovered a diamond that had the marks of a lapidary on it! The men decided it was a most remarkable find indeed when cut diamonds as well as rough diamonds could be picked up.

King and his companion rode to the nearest telegraph station, and King reported to the San Francisco company that the field was "salted."

Gen. D. D. Colton, the company's manager, and some of his associates immediately left for the scene, and after checking up announced to San Francisco papers on November 26, 1872, that a fraud had been perpetrated on the San Francisco and New York Mining and Commercial Company.

When word of the swindle reached New Mexico, a pall of gloom and despair settled over the community of Ralston. Prospectors and families who thought that riches might be under the next rock began to pull stakes. A Lordsburg resident whose grandparents had a tent boarding-house at Ralston during the excitement recalls that they left at once. They feared--although they had no connection with the fraud--that they might somehow become involved.

The mining camp was quickly depopulated. But Uncle Johnny Evensen stayed on. He had become almost as much of a landmark as Lee's Peak itself.

In San Francisco, it was reported that the company returned the money of investors, and Ralston himself paid out \$300,000 of his private fortune to reimburse those whom he had advised to invest in the diamond company. To Ralston it was almost only an incident in a John Bunyan career of stepping from one speculative peak to another. He weathered the blow--and others in the succeeding three years. But at last his affairs and the affairs of the Bank of California became so involved that in August, 1875, the Bank had to close its doors. On that day--August 27, 1875--Ralston resigned, left the board room for his daily swim in San Francisco Bay, was taken with a cramp and drowned.

The town of Ralston went down fast after the diamond swindle exposure. The 3,000 or so population that had poured in, disappeared like mist when the sunshines.

In subsequent years, there have been claims that various parts of the West were the scene of the salted diamond fields, and to this day there are many conflicting reports.*

All other evidence to the contrary, old timers still believe that Lee's Peak was the scene of the salted fields. The late L. H. Davis, long-time mining editor of the El Paso Herald, stated postively that the scene was Lee's Peak, near today's Lordsburg. So did the late Jim F. Berry, of El Paso, diamond expert from Philadelphia. So did the late Frank Kellogg, a

miner of Silver City, who visited the scene. And so did Uncle Johnny Evensen, who was there during the excitement. He has frequently told me about it; it was one of his favorite stories to the children who grew up with me at Shakespeare. He used to close his tale with the statement that one diamond is still in that hill--overlooked in all that combing of its steep and rocky slopes. Whence he derived his knowledge, I do not know. At any rate, I spent many an hour searching for that diamond.

Some of those who came in with the diamond rush remained in that part of the country, to take up claims elsewhere, or to go in for ranching. The strongest and most substantial development was then in the making, though few would have believed during that discouraged time that a revival was possible.

Colonel John Boyle, of St. Louis, had followed the ups and downs of that section. He believed in it. In the late 1870's, when old litigations were forgotten and claims had lapsed for lack of working, he moved in. He staked some valuable ore deposits, among them the Jerry Boyle and the Bonnie Jean, as he named them. The Hart Brothers, Walter and Richard, graduates of Yale University, wealthy but craving adventure, quickly followed and opened the Atwood, Henry Clay and Yellow Jacket claims. Dr. J. H. McLean, one of the patent-medicine kings of the day, decided to put the profits on his "volcanic oil liniment" in the mining ventures there. The McLean almanac still sheds its light on this section. Boyle decided to issue mining stock in a large way.

But before he did this, he renamed the settlement by the spring, lest old memories tighten the caution of get-rich-quick investors.

So it was that classical literature became part of the daily living of that grim country; for he named that mining camp after his favorite English poet, Shakespeare.

To serve the new influx of population, which he foresaw, he remodeled an old adobe building and called it the Stratford Hotel. With the Grant House, this gave Shakespeare two hotels. The Stratford had the refinement of unbleached muslin, tacked upon two-by-four framework, partitions between the rooms, which gave that caravanseri slightly more privacy than a goldfish bowl.

Women's influence now began to throw its uplift against the porcelain-blue skies of the Southwestern desert. For in December, 1878, Ross Woods; his wife, Cassie, and infant son, Bert; his mother, Mrs. Anna Woods; his two sisters, Lizzie, Jessie, brother Tom, Bob Weatherford and others, rolled in from Austin, Texas, via covered wagon. Uncle Johnnie Evensen resigned as station keeper, and Woods was employed by the National Mail and Transportation Company to take his place. Tom Woods was hired by the company to ride Pony Express. Bob Weatherford took charge of the military telegraphic office. To Mrs. Woods was given the operation of the Stratford Hotel. She, her two daughters and her daughter-in-law, the only women in Shakespeare, set a new standard of life there.

She set a good table, and insisted on a greater observance of the amenities than the rough he-men of the great open spaces had known since they left home in the East. One of the waiters was George Hunt, who was later elected governor of Arizona seven times.

One of the sisters, Mrs. Jessie Woods Phillips, when she died in 1928 in Sacramento, California, returned to stay always in the Shakespeare of her early love. She was cremated, and her son Carl took her ashes to Shakespeare and scattered them over the hills where as a girl she had wandered so happily.

Uncle Johnny Evensen became Shakespeare's first postmaster. This was on October 27, 1879.

*Editor's Note: Asbury Harpending, one of Ralston's associates, who visited the fields with Janin, gives the location in his book, "Great Diamond Hoax" as being south of Rawlings Springs (Wyoming).

D. D. Colton, head of the San Francisco and New York Mining and Commercial Company, in announcing to the press that a fraud had been perpetrated on the company by Arnold and Slack,

said that after receiving King's report he and his party immediately proceeded to the scene. "We proceeded," the "Daily Alta Californian" of November 26, 1872, quotes him as saying, "by rail to Black Butte Station, on the Union Pacific Railroad, in Wyoming Territory. There taking animals we reached the ground on the 18th, it being in the territory of Colorado in a due south direction from Black Butte Station and not to exceed 50 miles therefrom."

He said also that he had "taken the liberty in this report of announcing the location of the so-called Diamond Fields of Arizona" because he felt the public should be told of the fraud.

The Natural Resources Records Division of the National Archives, Washington, on the basis of Clarence King's report and the report of the Chief of Engineers for 1872-'73 calculates that the "diamond field" was "probably located in what is now Township 11 North, Range 102 West of the 6th Principal Meridian. This township lies in the extreme northwest corner of Moffat County, which is the extreme northwest county of Colorado. The area in question is approximately 25 miles northwest of the present hamlet of Greystone and about 75 miles northwest of Craig, which is the present county seat of Moffat County, Colorado."

CAPTAIN SAM RANSOM DISCOVERED THE "85" MINE

By Mrs. John T. Muir



Capt. Sam Ransom and wife. He was horseshoer for the stage line, and later discovered the "85" mine

Sixty-two years ago this fall, Captain Sam Ransom discovered the mine that has always been known as the "85" mine and which takes its name from the year in which it was discovered. The records of the mine tells its own story, the mine was not unoperative during all the periods of mine depression before it was closed a few years ago. It was a valuable property of the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company, was a paying and the deepest mine in New Mexico at the time the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company consolidated with the Phelps Dodge Company and closed the mine.

Captain Sam Ransom was one of the early pioneers on the frontier, who worked on the Old Butterfield stages trails and discovered the 85 mine which proved to be one of the most valuable mines in New Mexico.

Sam Ransom, the last blacksmith who worked for years as a horseshoer for the National Mail and Transportation Company, a very high salaried and important man of that day, is laid at rest at White Rock, Mariposa County, California. He was born January 5, 1847 and died February 27, 1891.

In 1935 Mrs. Viola Ransom Wood visited Shakespeare and Lordsburg and while here placed a memorial at her mother's grave in honor of her father, Captain Sam Ransom.

Mrs. Wood was born in Shakespeare June 25, 1889, daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Sam Ransom, of Shakespeare, in the pioneer days when the hand clasp meant more, friendship was truer and the arrival of a darling little baby was an event.

Five months later, December 5, at 10:00 A. M., her mother passed away at her home in Shakespeare and she was laid at rest in the Old Shakespeare Cemetery December 6, and the following evening Captain Ransom left for California with baby Viola to place her with grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. McClure, of Lewis, California, returning to Shakespeare ten days later.

For a number of years Mrs. Wood has been secretary, and national historian and publicity director of the United Indian War Veterans, U. S. A., and at their last election of officers once again was honored by being elected to both national offices.

The pioneers of their section of New Mexico have always been interested in Viola Ransom Wood and will greatly appreciate a visit from her.

L. E. Claypool in his special feature column, The Sunney Side, printed in the San Diego Sun of October 8, 1935, includes in his column a contribution. "An Interesting Meeting of the United War Veterans" by Viola Ransom Wood. This is an honor that Mrs. Viola Ransom Wood can justly be proud of, as it isn't easy for a writer to "break into," a special feature column like Mr. Claypools.

Altogether Valedon was a prosperous and progressive community when in 1931 the Calumet and Arizona sold all of its properties to the Phelps-Dodge Corporation.
The mine closed permanently February 1, 1932.



"85" MINE



A. P. WARNER
and
C. H. WARNER



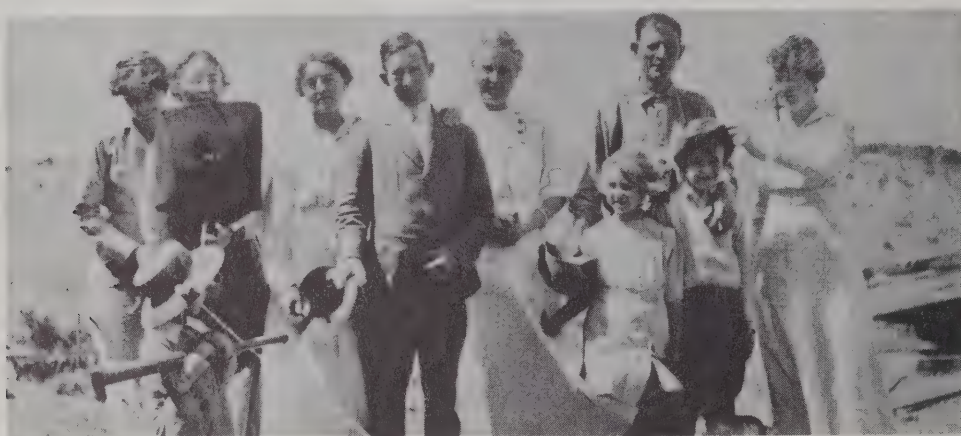
"85" MINE
VALEDON, NEW MEXICO



Warehouse and Homes of "85"



Valedon Sixth Grade
1921-'22



Mr. and Mrs. Win Ritter and Son John
Mr. and Mrs. John H. Clark
Son John S. Clark and Daughter Mary E.
Mrs. Frank Coon
Mrs. Marion Walker
and
A. Barnes, Cousin.



Teachers of Valedon School
1921



The new Valedon School at 85 Mine

ATWOOD COPPER MINES

The Atwood Copper Mines which started operation in September, 1942 is managed and operated by C. N. McIntosh and S. A. McIntosh as joint proprietorship.

The property was diamond drilled intensively in 1942 by the United States Bureau of Mines and began operations under direction of the McIntosh's in May, 1943 who have gradually brought up production of one to three carloads of ore per day.

The ore is marketed at the International Smelter at Miami, Arizona, and the Phelps Dodge Smelter at Douglas.

The mine is now employing approximately sixty men with J. F. Moore as office manager. Equipment has recently been installed for opening the property on the 625 and 750 foot levels. The shaft is a three-compartment vertical 800 feet deep. Cages and cars run through the compartments are all operated under electric power. Property consists of 167 acres covered by United States patents.

The first prospects located in the Virginia Mining District were the Atwood in April 3, 1870. The Yellow Jacket, Superior and Henry Clay were located in August, 1870. These claims were located for the Harpending Mining Company. They have retained their original names and have been worked off and on through the years.

This district boasted of a smelter at Shakespeare which operated at a profit until it was moved to Deming, New Mexico, because of the shortage of water. The Pyramid mill at Pyramid was a 20 stamp mill built near the Viola Mine which also operated successfully.

The Atwood is joined on the east by the famous 85 mine which produced approximately \$17,000,000 in ore and there is said to be ore in it yet on the 2,200 foot level, although it is not now in operation. The owner of the old 85 mine is the Phelps Dodge Corporation.

It is the intention of the present operators of the Atwood Mines to install equipment at what is known as the Henry Clay Shaft on the property, which will be mined in the near future.

THE BANNER MINE



THE BANNER MINE

The Banner Mine is located five miles South of Lordsburg in the Virginia Mining District of Hidalgo County. It is a producer of low grade copper ores which are concentrated in their 500 ton flotation mill. The average grade of the ore is less than three percent copper.

The first of these claims, known as the Bonney Group, were filed on April 7, 1870. In 1881, the railroad was built through Lordsburg and limited mining operations were carried on here with the crude ore being hauled by wagons to the railroad. In 1899 the industry boomed under the impetus of 17¢ copper. In 1913 a railroad spur was built from Lordsburg to Lawrence Siding, and the town of Valedon. Lawrence Siding, approximately two miles from the Banner, serves as the loading point for concentrates, and for receiving supplies.

In 1915 the price of copper collapsed with most of the mines closing except for small shipments and some development work.

The mine operated intermittently from 1915 to 1932, at which time all mines in the district were closed down due to falling prices.

In June 1935, the present Banner people acquired this property, and by October their program of building and development that was to prove the operations feasible, and mark the beginning of production was begun. Since 1935 down to the present about 1, 500, 000 tons of low grade copper ores have been produced.

The old plant was replaced with fireproof buildings of structural steel with galvanized steel siding and roofs. The flotation mill was built during 1936 and 1937. Three large steel tanks provide water storage capacity of well over half a million gallons.

Electricity is supplied by the Community Public Service Company from its Silver City and Lordsburg plants as well as from Elephant Butte Dam, when the plant there is being operated. The power company has provided practically uninterrupted power service since operations began in 1935. Capacitor units maintain the power factor at 99.5%.

The vein on which operations are being carried on in the Banner Mine is a true fissure, in evidence for about three thousand feet along the surface and extends downward below a known depth of fifteen hundred feet and is almost vertical. It averages between five and six feet wide, and is about one half mile long. The Miser's Chest Vein is similar to the Banner Vein, but is much smaller.

The Banner Mining Company holdings are a consolidation of the Bonney, Manila, Nellie Grey, and Miser's Chest Properties embracing the entire length of the Bonney and Miser's Chest Veins. The main workings have been on the Bonney Vein until the past three years when most of the production has been from the Miser's Chest. The geological structure makes it ideal for removing the ore by fairly inexpensive shrinkage stopping methods, and makes possible a long range development program when economic conditions are favorable.

The Bonney vein is opened by three shafts, with the No. 2 Shaft being the main shaft is 1500 feet deep and contains three compartments. The other two shafts are used for ventilation and escapeways. The Miser's Chest Workings are at present 1050 feet deep and the shaft is being sunk to the 1135 foot level.

Two Chicago Pneumatic and one Worthington compressors furnish the high pressure air to operate the pneumatic tools and machines for both properties.

Ore from the chutes is drawn into one-ton end-dump cars and hand trammed to the shaft for hoisting. Cars are hoisted in double deck cages at the No. 2 Shaft, and in a two ton skip at the Miser's Chest Shaft and dumped into bins adjacent to the headframes on the surface. Ore from the Miser's Chest Mine is trucked to the Mill, a distance of about one and one-half miles. Both mines are connected by drifts and crosscuts on the 900 foot level.

The Mine makes about 300 gallons of water per minute continuously which is ample for both milling and underground operations. Automatic electric controlled pumps deliver the water to the surface tanks under a head of 1600 feet.

Until after the war the mill treated from 300 to 350 tons per day and is so arranged that it can be increased to 500 tons when mine production runs ahead of concentration. The present production averages about 200 tons per day. The circuit comprises simple flotation, efficiently constructed as to create very few problems. The tailings show .09 percent copper and .09 ounces of silver per ton which is extremely low, indicating maximum recovery in the milling process.

An aggressive management has undoubtedly been the key to the success of the Banner Mining Company which headed by H. I. Grimes, President, and W. H. Hardy Secretary-Treasurer, both of Oklahoma City.

The operating staff consists of Ernest S. Bowman, General Superintendent; Allan B. Bowman, Superintendent of Lordsburg Mines; Coleman Dunkerson, Mine Foreman; George E. Stone, Mill Foreman; Elmer E. Bray, Master Mechanic; Boyd W. Venable, Mine and Safety Engineer; David M. Reck, Metallurgist and Assayer; and Lee Smith, Carpenter. All office and warehouse work is handled by E. Creighton Bowman and Frank M. Bowman.

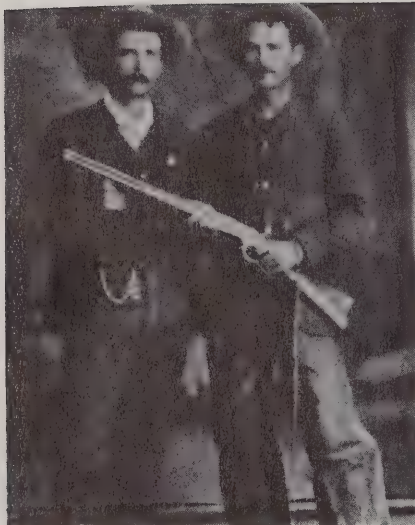
The loyalty and untiring efforts of the above staff and their assistants have made it possible for the Banner's operations to continue during the war and the difficult times which followed.



Southern Pacific
Mule train used to carry supplies to Shakespeare

BONANZA DAYS AT SHAKESPEARE

By Emma M. Muir



O. T. COFFE
Supt. of Atwood Mine 1887-'88
Printed in September, 1948
New Mexico Magazine

COLONEL JOHN BOYLE'S organizing ability at Shakespeare consolidated our civilization's first outpost in the desert and mountain country that is southwestern New Mexico, near today's Lordsburg. The reports of Shakespeare's silver and gold deposits were so attractive that when O. W. Williams was making the 1000-mile stagecoach trip from Fort Worth to that mining camp in 1880, he was not tempted to break his journey by reports of the discovery near Van Horn, Texas, of "a vein of ore ten miles long and ten feet wide," but pushed through to the more exciting promise of Shakespeare, as he relates in his small book, "In Old New Mexico." The population then was about 150, and it was well rooted and growing.

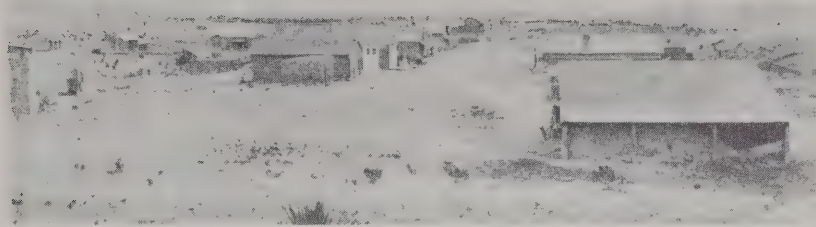
This was only two years before I reached Shakespeare, and discovered Uncle Johnny Evensen--the first postmaster and oracle of that lively community.

By then the spring which had made possible the settlement in that dry land had proved inadequate, and a well had been dug, more copiously tapping its water source. But the water supply was so small that the smelter, completed in 1881, was compelled to shut down in August, 1883. Then the ores were treated at a 20 stamp mill at Pyramid, as the settlement which grew up near Leitzendorfer's Well, a dozen miles away, was renamed when it became a post office in 1882.

Matches had been invented forty-nine years before, but were still so scarce that Williams, on his journey, was less astonished to see a passenger use flint and steel than to smoke a cigarette.



Roxy's Saloon at
Shakespeare and
some of the boys



Shakespeare in the early eighties



The Viola Mine at Pyramid

Shakespeare was a one-street town. That street was on the ridge between two arroyos, and up that street the Southern Pacific was later to push its railroad iron to the ore of the 85 mine, so named because of the year in which the strike was made.

The houses were of adobe, with walls several feet thick, and small windows which could be closed by heavy wooden shutters. These were reinforced by rocks piled behind them when Indians threatened, which was most of the time, so the rocks were kept neatly piled near-by.

No plumbing intruded its irritations on the even tenor of that day's life. The people carried water from the spring, and later the



The stage stop at Pyramid

the well, to their abodes. Women and children, when the community's larger growth brought them in, took over this chore--the mothers with large buckets and the children with pails graduated according to their size. The duty lost its hardship in the gossip and neighborly interchange which the meetings there evoked. This sunset pause, after the day's heat and work, became one of the high spots of that time's social life.

Shakespeare had no church, no club, no school, no fraternal organization. Even during my growth from childhood into womanhood, after the railroad had pushed through New Mecico, it had no bank; and men either carried their money in leather belts or buried it in tin cans. Nearly all the money was gold.

My father's house had an adobe roof, which he left for insulation when he put on a shingled roof. Through an air vent at one end of the house he used to crawl on dark nights to do his banking in the dirt of that old roof. His deposit box was a large can which had once contained Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. At times he had as much as \$30,000 in gold buried up there.

Sometimes men forgot where they had hidden their money; or they were killed; or for some reason they departed hurriedly. Others unexpectedly discovered their treasure. A few years ago, Jim Craig of Lordsburg, looking for a strayed heifer, saw a yellow gleam on the ground near the ruins of the old stage station at Barney, not far from the Southern Pacific's pump house at Lordsburg. He swung from his horse and picked up a \$20 gold piece. With the branding iron he carried in his saddlebag, he began digging, and found a stack of \$20 gold pieces--13 in all.

In 1880 when Williams reached Shakespeare, O. R. Smith, Superintendent of the National Mail and Transportation Company which had succeeded to the Butterfield stage operation through that territory, was building an eight-room, story-and-a-half adobe house. With its lofty ceilings and handsome redwood finish, its Brussels carpet, lace curtains, hanging lamps with pendant crystals, and its square rosewood piano covered with red plush cloth, it was considered a marvel of elegance. It was the crowning glory, this mansion, of the civilization which had come to stay in that hard and barren wilderness. Even to the dweller of Lordsburg, which the Southern Pacific had dropped on its eastward drive to the rails of the Santa Fe, Shakespeare was the big city, where they got their mail. To the toilers and wanderers in that vastness, men who slept in blankets far from their camp fires, preferring the possibility of rattlesnakes to the certainty of Indians, it represented the comforts and refinements of life. It had the most impressive hotel in that part of New Mexico, the Stratford.

In 1888 my mother managed that hotel. It was an excellent house. Shakespeare also had the Grant House, where the stage-arrivals were given an official welcome by the freckle-faced, sandy-haired Bean Bellied Smith, and where prospectors clamored to show their "specimens" to incoming passengers, hoping for the quicker return of sale than the slow yield of pick and shovel on their claims. It had the gay saloon of Roxy Jay, with its satisfying assortment of liquors; it had the Mercantile Store of Smyth, Long and Price. Besides an amazing stock the store contained the stage company's office, the telegraph station, Pony Express Mail office, the post office, and headquarters of the Territorial Militia Company. And in 1896 would become the home of the first lodge of the Knights of Pythias in that part of New Mexico.

I remember the exciting life of Shakespeare during this period--the noise of the stamps, and the shrill of the smelter whistle; the clatter of horses as the Concord Coach arrived at suppertime; the sharp crack of whips as freighting outfits rolled to the large adobe corrals behind the Mercantile, 12 and sometimes 18 mules dragging huge wagons, on eight-foot wheels, coupled together in a train, the ponderous movement controlled by one man with his long jerk-line and his swamper, ever watchful of the brakes.

Poverty Flat added its liveliness to those rugged days. It was in the arroyo on the west side of Shakespeare's only street, the abode of miners and prospectors to whom the world was still an unopened oyster, but whose golden expectations turned their tents and dugouts into palaces. It was well known in that part of the country, was Poverty Flat. And it was more beloved by those who knew it, than the Empire State building is by those who endure imprison-

ments which the frontier dwellers would not have tolerated.

Many a lively happening occurred at Poverty Flat. Williams tells a story which for years was a classic. It is about Bob Currie's faith in Darwin, and his experience with a certain polecat that failed to live up to his interpretation of the great naturalist.

The polecat was then in redundant supply in that part of the country, and his interest in Poverty Flat was at times over-powering. Every tent and dugout along this prospective-millionaires' row save one had been visited by this distinguished and disastrous animal. The exception was Bob Currie's.

One morning, he stepped through the flaps to sniff the keen pure air, and detected a taint. Then he saw Billy Davenport heaving pots, groceries and bedding out of his tent, about 100 feet away. To his inquiry Billy replied that hearing a noise, he had thought a dog was after the bacon, and had let fly with all the ore specimens in reach. The bombardment detonated a polecat.

"Didn't you ever hear of Darwin?" asked Bob.

"Darwin who?" replied Billy.

"Darwin, the great scientist. Just 'Darwin' is enough of a handle for a top-hand like him."

"If he wasn't a miner, I don't give a--"

"That's where you are wrong, Billy. You can learn a heap from these scientists. Why do you reckon no polecat has ever fumigated my tent?"

"Luck, I guess."

"That ain't it, Billy. Darwin--that's the reason. Darwin, and his doctrine of inherited instinct."

Billy replied that he did not know anything about instinct, but if it was in any way like what a polecat could raise, he begged to be excused.

"You don't understand, Billy. The milk in the Darwin cocoanut is that animals have passed on to their offspring the attitudes and reflexes of their experience over many centuries. For instance, cats have an inherited aversion for dogs. Their ancestors learned that dogs are bad medicine. So every cat now goes away from where he is at if a dog shows up. And whenever I hear a polecat nosing around in my grub box, I say, 'Sic'im,' and the polecat thinks I have a dog and he gets out pronto."

A few nights later, Poverty Flat was awakened by a terrific racket in the direction of Bob Currie's tent. Peering eyes saw intermittent flashes of light against the slanting canvas roof, and listening ears heard new and startling outbursts of profanity. With guns in hand, for those were Indian days, the men slipped through the midnight darkness to see what was happening to Bob. They opened the flaps, and beheld Currie, clad in nothing at all, standing on his specimen box and scratching matches against the tent roof.

"What's the matter, Bob?" they asked.

"Matter? All hell's the matter! There's a polecat in here somewhere and he doesn't know what 'sic'im' means. What I say is, Damn an ignorant polecat!"

Roxy Jay's Saloon was the center of Shakespeare's social life. It occupied the longest adobe building there, and its bar ran from one end to the other. It was of polished mahogany, that bar, and was made to order in St. Louis, then shipped in one of the toiling freight wagons. On the wall behind it hung a great mirror, in which the prospector of the rugged Pyramids, the cattleman of the grama ranges, the pony mail-rider of the Indian trails, the rustler of the San Simon and the merchant of the town could watch themselves drink Roxy's bountiful offerings and find as much comfort in what they saw as what they drank. Occasionally six-guns disturbed the noisy calm of that fellowship, but no stress ever made anyone throw lead in the direction of that mirror.

The saloon was as cool as a cave in the summer, and in winter it was kept as hot as an incubator by a roaring, red-bellied stove. Wherever a light could be hung, there a light was, so that place was a blaze of kerosene. On occasion, dance-hall girls contributed the refining influence of woman. They did not live in Shakespeare, those girls, for Shakespeare had a high

moral sense. They made their abode in Lordsburg, and were hauled in and out by buckboard.

Adjoining the barroom was the gambling hall, the door of which was shot so full of holes that it looked more like lace-work than a solid barrier.

Roxy Jay's saloon was famous, the symbol of life at its fullest in that part of the Southwest, the equivalent of the East's "See Rome and die" hope. Wanderers of the far places looked forward to its brightness and its companionship as schoolboys do to home on the Christmas vacation.

To the tenderfoot Victor Gibson, it was the ultimate elysium that blistering day he rode into town, sitting sideways on bony horse with a gait as heavy as the blows of a pile-driver. Victor was as dry as the desert inside, and outside he was sunburned a fiery red. Well mounted and with plenty of supplies, he had left the week before on a prospecting trip to the Burro Mountains. While he slept, someone had stolen his horse, his saddle and his supplies, and had left him this crowbait. The thieves would have taken his bridle had not the pack rats beat them to it, chewing it to pieces and dragging the pieces away. When Victor awoke, his camp did not have even a drop of water. He found the pieces of his bridle in the pack-rat holes, tied them together with string, and climbed aboard that dreadful horse, hoping to live to reach Shakespeare, obsessed with yearnings for Roxy Jay's beer, which at least was cooler than the sun.

Other men from many parts of the world went to Shakespeare. Some carried the culture of America's and Europe's great universities to that rough frontier. Williams, for example, could quote Tacitus; the Hart Brothers--Walter and Richard--could declaim speeches by the dramatic poet after whom the town was named; and Russian Bill, a desperado whose presence was tolerated for a time, could soar to language that was incomprehensible to the majority, but it brought forth no rebuke, because of the respect for six-guns hanging at the hip. The Hart boys were of a wealthy Connecticut family, and had gone to the frontier for adventure; they had a cattle ranch, and they operated the assay office. The three Browns, too, added to the hoorawing at those barroom gatherings--Geological Brown, so called because of his scientific bent, Dumb Brown who was the goat for the rough horseplay, and Simple Brown who received that designation because he had no particular characteristics.

Robert Black, better known as Arkansaw, was a mighty figure in Shakespeare. He was a small man, so the two heavy pistols he wore seemed like cannons. He had black hair, a mustache, and a voice that could terrify jack rabbits for a mile around. He drank moderately and at poker he could bluff out a full house with a pair of deuces.

Arkansaw was once taken in an affair of gallantry with a married woman. This so exacerbated the moral feelings of the camp that the men of Shakespeare seized him, put a rope around his neck, and hauled him up, at the tall crossbeam of the corral gate.

After a few seconds they let him down.

"This is a warning, Arkansaw," said Uncle Johnny Evensen. "Now get out of Shakespeare!"

"Like hell I will!" bellowed Arkansaw.

Again they hauled him up. They let him hang a little longer.

"Now will you go?" asked Uncle Johnny, when they let him down.

"You can all go to hell!" replied the stubborn Arkansaw.

So they hauled him up again. They let him hang until the movement of his feet almost ceased. Then they let him down.

"The boys like you, Arkansaw," pleaded Uncle Johnny. "But they will hang you, sure as shooting. Now will you get out?"

Arkansaw struggled with his breath. He felt his throat, and loosened the noose. Slowly his eyes traveled across the grim faces which surrounded him.

"Tell you what," he rumbled. "Gimme my two guns, and I'll fight the whole caboodle of you!"

Sorrowfully the men tightened their grip on the rope. Finally Roxy Jay shouted, and they relaxed.

"He's too good a man to die," quoth Roxy. "We'll make that fellow take his wife away."

It was a simple solution of Shakespeare's moral problem, and in line with the code which required the dance-hall girls to live in Lordsburg. Arkansaw, again accepted into the fellowship of Shakespeare, lived there many years, and become more and more respected.

TERRITORIAL MILITIA

SHAKESPEARE GUARDS

The Indian threat evoked at Shakespeare the first National Guard organization in New Mexico. This was the Shakespeare Guards, which was created August 8, 1879, and paid by the Territorial Government. It began with nineteen men and three officers, and was steadily enlarged until it included seventy-four men and officers. J. E. Price was the first captain, and R. P. Hart was first lieutenant. It took the field many times when the red raiders pressed too close, and its presence, I am sure, saved Shakespeare more than once.

LORDSBURG MILITIA COMPANY

On October 27, 1885 a meeting was called at the one room plank schoolhouse by Governor Ross for the purpose of organizing a Militia Company in Lordsburg. The following officers were elected: H. Ambler, Captain; Charles Thomas, First Lieutenant; Andrew Jackson Hughes of Gold Hill, Second Lieutenant. The company was instructed to take the field immediately.



The stage that operated through Shakespeare

THE STAGE TO SHAKESPEARE

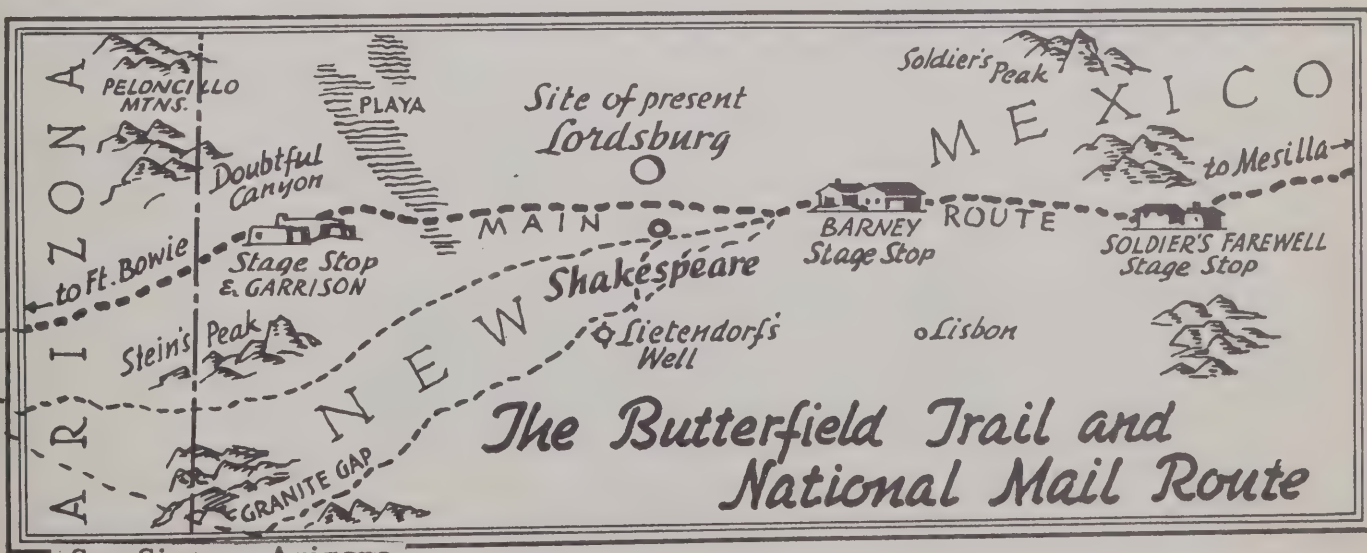
By Emma M. Muir

I LIVE IN LORDSBURG, which is a pleasant town in the flat Playas Valley of southwestern New Mexico, on U. S. Highway 80, and a division point of the Southern Pacific Railroad. But my heart is in Shakespeare, two and a half miles to the south, in the broken country of the Pyramid Mountains.

Here are still visible the wheel ruts of this country's first transcontinental stage line, which opened the Southwest to civilization, and helped to make our nation.

In the little barbed-wire-enclosed cemetery, one of the two dolls of my childhood lies buried, nestled in the arms of my childhood playmate, Jane Hughes. I loved that doll--china head, sawdust-stuffed body, long and full dress, red china shoes. I nursed it all the way from Virginia City, Nevada, when I rode the hot and dusty, and slow emigrant train to New Mexico in 1882. So you will know how much I loved the 11-year-old Jane.

And Uncle Johnny Evensen is there in Shakespeare Cemetery, too; and Jimmy Hughes, a handsome chap, known in his day as the Sweetheart of the San Simon. Russian Bill and Sandy King are there--bad men hanged by the Vigilantes Committee of Shakespeare in the dining room



San Simon, Arizona
In 1858

New Mexico Magazine (Bureau of Publications). Reprinted by Special Permission.



The O. R. Smyth residence at Shakespeare--built in 1881. Only the foundation remains today.



The author, right, and her sister Ella, the year they arrived in Shakespeare, 1882

of the hotel where I later lived; and two pony-express riders who died in the line of duty on the lonely road between there and old Fort Bowie during the Indian uprisings which Cochise and Victorio, Mangas Coloradas and Nana and Geronimo brought to the land.

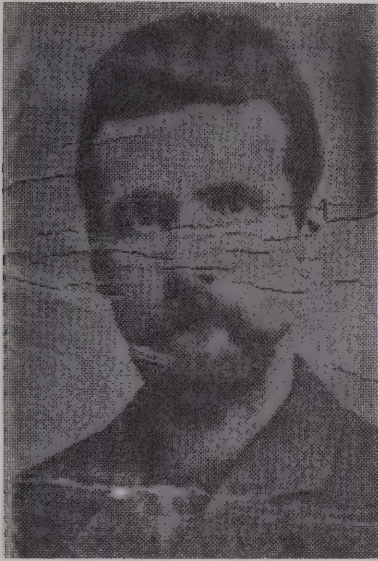
And there, too, is Captain Sam Ransom, the most famous horseshoer in all that country who kept the stages rolling, and who, when the railroad did away with his job, became more famous as the discoverer of the 85 mine.

Lordsburg in 1882 was not much more than a name dropped by the new railroad. It still got its mail from Shakespeare, which was able to count nearly twenty-two years of history. Today only Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hill and their young daughter, J. Lou, live there: their horse ranch and the Atwood mine, in operation for 70 years, are the only activity left. Even the spring which brought Shakespeare into being has disappeared; and the adobe remains of the great Mercantile Store, the old assay office, the fort-like Grant House, and the imposing Stratford Hotel (it rose a full story and a half) are the only reminders of a city from which stemmed so much of the development of South-western New Mexico.

But the hill up which Uncle Johnny Evensen used to climb, to judge the probable arrival time of the stage, so he could have ready the supper of beans and sourdough biscuits and antelope steak when the hungry passengers piled out--that hill is still as it used to be.

Everyone called him Uncle Johnny, and by that you will know how greatly he was loved. He was a sailor who had been so long from his native Norway that he had forgotten the language. He was rawhide-tough, a tall man with fearless eyes, though his speech was soft and his manner gentle. None of the two-gun desperadoes who frequented Shakespeare ever tried to run a blazer on him. Orderly and neat, he bought his clothes from a San Francisco tailor. He never married, but he loved children, and treated us as companions.

Uncle Johnny was 53 when he came to New Mexico, and he lived in Shakespeare for the 21 years which saw that camp reach its astonishing bloom before it disappeared as quickly as the withering of a desert flower. He was keeper of the stage station, postmaster, and miner. He knew Shakespeare, and what he told me made me see what a great part it had played in the state drama before my own homestead and cattle-ranch time.



CAPTAIN SAM RANSOM

Soon after the American occupation of New Mexico, James W. Marshall, on January 24, 1848, discovered gold at Sutter's Mill in California and touched off the great westward movement of population.

The southern route across New Mexico, which Philip St. George Cook had blazed as he marched the Mormon Battalion from Santa Fe to California, was an easier route than the Oregon Trail and it could be traveled all year. Over it, the covered wagons of the gold rush began heading for California, dropping down from the Santa Fe Trail to the north, or working up from the south after crossing the vast Texas plains.

In that early westward surge, Eugene Leitzendorfer drove a herd of cattle from Illinois to California. The son of Colonel John Wayne Leitzendorfer who had served conspicuously in the Tripolitan war of 1801, he was also the first auditor of the government established in New Mexico after the meeting of the legislative assembly in 1851. Not knowing of the spring which in time would bring forth the settlement at Shakespeare, he dug a well half a dozen miles

away to water his stock for the long drive through that dry section. An early map-maker misspelled his name "Lietendorf," and so it remains known today.

Some of the westward movement stopped in New Mexico, and by 1852 the southern part of the Territory, along the Cook route, had enough population to justify creation of Dona Ana county out of a part of Socorro's immensity. Meanwhile, the development of California, a state since 1850, had created the need of fast and dependable transcontinental transportation.

Letters between the east and west coasts were sometimes months in transit, for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company had a monopoly and gave any kind of service it pleased; and the long and toilsome and dangerous wagon road became increasingly more impossible for the stabilized business movement which was getting established.



PICTURE OF SHAKESPEARE
First building on left is the jail then the saloon came next.
On the right side is the Assay Office and in the carriage is the Hart Brothers.

John Butterfield saw the need. A native of New York, he had become a stage driver at an early age; his executive ability raised him to the control of several stage lines in that state, and in 1850 he helped form the American Express Company. He conceived a transcontinental stage line, and organized the Overland Mail Company to give through service from St. Louis to San Francisco.

It was the most grandiose project of the kind the world had ever known, for the distance was more than 2700 miles and most of the route lay through uninhabited desert and difficult mountain land, subject to Indian attack and bandit raid. Butterfield asked for a government subsidy of \$600,000 a year, \$100,000 less than the Pacific Mail's. He promised a schedule of two stages a week and a 25-day passage, as compared with two steamers a month and a theoretical 28 days.

In one year's time he organized that breath-taking, that impossible service, which meant that he surveyed the route, put in road improvements, built 165 stage stations, established a supply system for them, including water, which in some sections had to be hauled in tanks many miles, bought 100 Concord coaches, distributed 1200 horses and 600 mules along the route, and trained 750 men. The first stages left St. Louis and San Francisco September 15, 1858.

Butterfield's Overland Mail line was a success from the beginning. On that first passage it beat its schedule by one day and one hour. It never exceeded 25 days, and once it made the run in 16.

"Overland" became a new adjective, denoting transcendent excellence. Tradesmen advertised "overland" hats, "overland" boots, "overland" coats and pants, even "overland" chickens and eggs. El Paso joyfully gave the name "Overland" to the street by which the stage entered that hopeful settlement. His friends called Butterfield "admiral" because of his large fleet of land-going craft; the Indians called him the "Great Father of the Swift Wagon," and once a mounted band swooped upon a stage and held it up for several hours while the warriors examined every detail of its construction.

The Concords traveled day and night, drawn by four to six horses or mules, which were changed every 15 miles or so; speed, five miles an hour over the bad stretches, more when the road was easy. They carried as many as six passengers; three sacks of letters, averaging 170 pounds in weight; a newspaper bag of about 140 pounds; and some express. The passenger fare, all the way, was \$200 at first, then reduced to \$100, then was raised to \$150; the express rate was \$1 a pound; the postage was three cents for half an ounce--only a few years before it had cost as much as \$65 to send a letter across the continent.

Because of the scarcity of water, one of the most difficult stretches was between El Paso and Tucson. The Concords covered this 360 miles in 82 hours. Through New Mexico the road followed the Cook route a few miles to the north of present U. S. 80, from Mesilla through Magdalena Canyon, past Cook's Peak to Cow Spring, then skirting Soldier's Farewell mountain, then to Barney and through Doubtful Canyon into Arizona. Barney, named after one of the officials of the Butterfield company, was about five miles northeast of today's Lordsburg. It was near a broad and shallow lake, reminder of the cretaceous age when the sea covered all this land and the mountains were islands which freckled the surface. A well supplied water needed for the stage station.

Leach's Lake was about five miles across when I came to New Mexico twenty-four years later, and was a favorite spot for ducks. Drainage and erosion have in my time dried it up, but the name of the valley derives from the time of the lake, for playa in Spanish means "beach."

Butterfield operated over this route only two and one-half years. In 1861 the war between the states broke out, and the government, to protect the flow of California gold, moved the transportation line to Northern territory, via Salt Lake City.

Transportation brought growth. Arizona became a territory in 1862. By 1860 the population of New Mexico had grown to 80,000; a decade later it would go to 90,000. Grant County was created out of the western part of Dona Ana in 1868.

Stage transportation returned to the Butterfield route after the war, operated by the National Mail and Transportation Co.

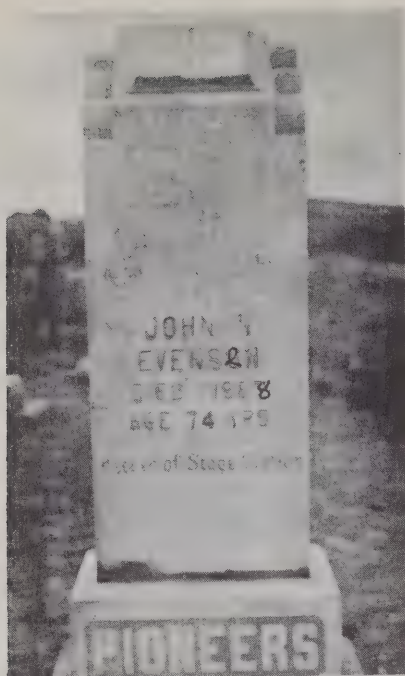
In 1867 Uncle Johnny Evensen and Jack Frost came west to open new stage stations for the

National route. Frost took charge of Cow Springs station, and Uncle Johnny established a station at the spring in the Pyramids, which was later to become the boom camp of Shakespeare. But in 1867, General U. S. Grant was a popular American figure, and the stage station was named Grant to honor him, as the next year the county would be named for the General.

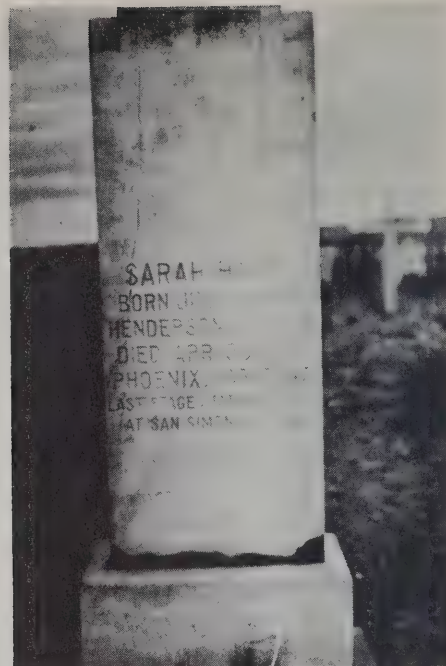
The stage had several years to run, for it was not until the early 80's that the new era of railroad transportation ended the old.

To the days when civilization rolled into the wilderness behind animal power, the D. A. R. chapter of Deming has erected this monument alongside the still-visible wheel scorings of the Butterfield Trail, 23 miles north of today's Deming-Silver City highway:

"Here crossed the first road to Southern California, opened for wagons by Captain Cooke, who passed here in command of the Mormon battalion, November, 1846. Later it became the California emigrant road, from 1858-'61 the route of the Butterfield Overland Mail, St. Louis to San Francisco, the longest mail route ever attempted."



ONE OF OLD SETTLERS
BURIED IN
SHAKESPEARE CEMETERY



ONE OF OLD SETTLERS
BURIED IN
SHAKESPEARE CEMETERY



The Stratford Hotel--here Geo. W. P. Hunt, the late great governor of Arizona,
waited tables as a youth



HOTEL STRATFORD
At Shakespeare
Built about 1870
George Hunt who was elected governor
of Arizona, waited on tables at this
hotel when a lad.



THE PIONEER OR GRANT HOUSE
The room to the right is where Sandy King
and Russian Bill were hung.



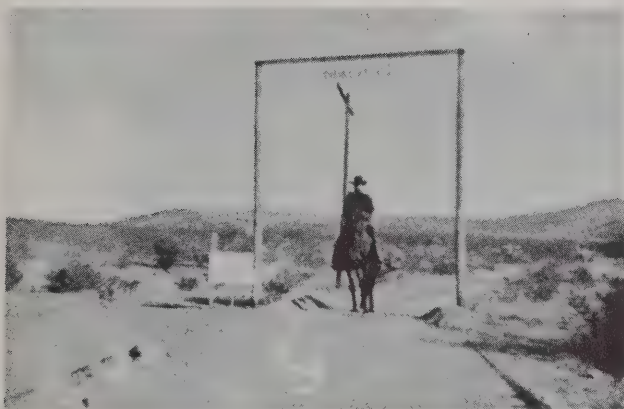
J. LOU HILL
One of Shakespeare children
Age 10 -- 1949



FRANK HILL OF SHAKESPEARE
Putting shoes on Sealark



ONE OF SHAKESPEARE STORES



FRANK HILL
Gate at Shakespeare



FRANK HILL OF SHAKESPEARE
AND
DAUGHTER J. LOU
Looking at old horseshoes and
ox shoes found there.



HERE IS FUN AND EXCITEMENT AT
LORDSBURG, NEW MEXICO



MABEL WAKEFIELD
Pioneer Teacher
One room plank schoolhouse
Lordsburg, New Mexico



SCHOOL OF 1895

SHAKESPEARE

By Mrs. M. Horzmann
Box 184, Lordsburg, New Mexico

Two and a half miles southwest from Lordsburg lies the remains of a once fully inhabited town of Shakespeare. Deeply hidden within the walls of the remaining half dozen weary adobe houses, standing desert-quiet in a cactus covered gulch are the exciting memories of stagecoaches, buried treasure, Indians and bandits. These were once a part of Shakespeare.

Down the Main Street where once the freight wagons and ox teams wallowed deep in mud or dust, and where Concord coaches pulled by weary horses lumbered through the village, now runs the Southern Pacific Railroad. It cuts through the grave-like foundations of stores, homes and the old Roxie J. Saloon. It passes the Pioneer House, where Russian Bill and Sandy King were hanged by the vigilance Committee, calling themselves the 101.

Next door is the old Stratford Hotel where a guest was killed in an argument over an egg. This argument arose between Fred Smith, who claimed to be the son of "Extra Billy Smith," war-time governor of old Virginia, a governor of whom no one ever heard, and Ross Wood. This resulted in a pistol duel on December 23, 1879, in which Fred Smith shot and killed Ross Wood. This episode aroused such dislike that Smith was given the nickname of "Bean Bellied Smith." In those days eggs were very scarce. (This is the story that was handed down to the children. It could, however, have been over a lady.)

Frontier wives used to gather down by the spring, which you can still see, to do family laundry and talk about weddings, babies and deaths and other events gathered along the trail. The biggest wash-day crowds, however, were at the times when women passengers on the Butterfield stage stopped to do their lace-trimmed petticoats, pantaloons and such. It was then that news was exchanged from Boston, St. Louis and San Francisco.

Shakespeare originated in February, 1872, as Ralston, named for the president of a San Francisco bank who hoped to make a fortune by promoting a mining company on a big scale, as one story goes. But Shakespeare really began before 1867, when Uncle Johnny Evensen came to take charge of the old Butterfield Stage Station for the National Mail and Transportation Company. This is the first authentic date, but a station was already in existence, and had been for sometime.

Ralston organized the New Mexico Mining Company in London, with capitalization of six million pounds. Bonds were reportedly sold in the capitals of Europe as well as in this country. Ralston sent his agents to the new mining district to establish a town and stimulate mining excitement.

The ore did not coincide with the paper prospectus, and by the fall of 1872, the mining stock had dropped to the point where the entire promotion scheme collapsed and the beautiful bubble burst. Ralston committed suicide by jumping into San Francisco Bay.

The town of Ralston, virtually in sympathy with the Ralston suicide, did likewise. It, too committed suicide. Immediately, however, it passed to new ownership, and was given the new name Shakespeare.

A post office had been established in the town named as Ralston on December 8, 1870, but now, another post office was granted to Shakespeare, on October 27, 1879, and John N. Evensen was the postmaster.

The village of Ralston had had unfavorable publicity in what is still referred to as The Diamond Swindle. This was the reason for the name being changed.

The Diamond Swindle took place about the time these changes were being made, and it is difficult to determine whether it occurred before or after the Ralston regime, but as the story goes, some rough diamonds were planted in the near-by hillsides for the stockholders to see for themselves. The fraud was soon exposed, and the legend is, that there is still one remaining diamond buried somewhere at the foot of Lee's Peak in the Pyramids. Its existence still attracts treasure hunters.

Col. John B. Boyle, of St. Louis, and other minor companies at this time, were the mining interests. The Atwood Mine, still in operation, was patented during the early years, and the old 85 mine was developed, and later the Anita. Other mining companies have come in later years, when there was a renewal of activities in the early eighties. At one time, there were some blue handbills issued extolling the possibilities for homeseekers, health and wealth seekers, with a bombastic headline "HO, FOR THE GOLD AND SILVER MINES OF NEW MEXICO!"

Not far from Shakespeare, and just over the hill, lies another ghost village, the ruins of the old 85 mine. It was called Valedon. Dali, himself, might have squeezed this on out of a paint tube, so real, and yet so dreamlike is it.

Broken walls showing naked pink paint and pale green plaster stand with only the sky for a roof. Fireplaces still stand, with no families to warm, lonesome and weather-beaten. Doorsteps lead up to nowhere, where houses once were.

Eastward from Shakespeare is the old, picturesque cemetery, where men and women who fought and schemed, and lived the history of Shakespeare. Stage drivers and miners, gamblers and honest settlers who came to tough it out in a tough country, lie buried beneath the glittering western stars. Moonlight reveals the outline of myriad of crosses used for tombstones, painted Guadalupe blue, and faded tissue paper flowers. After the 31st of October, each year, however, this old cemetery becomes a bright flower garden of tissue paper flowers, placed upon each grave.

Shakespeare is now a part of a privately owned ranch belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hill. They live in one of the adobe buildings, and when visitors come, they conduct them on a tour of the old ghost town, with its high-walled corrals, gambling places, the hotel, and the time-battered stagecoach.

On Highways 70 and 80, there is a historical marker just opposite the railroad station, indicating the direction to Shakespeare two and a half miles southwest of Lordsburg, in the most dense part of New Mexico's cactus country.

This old ghost town has attracted tourists and students from all over the country for many years.

SHAKESPEARE

BECOMES A

GHOST TOWN

By Emma M. Muir

MISS MATTIE JOHNSON
Born at Shakespeare, New Mexico.
Daughter of Otto Johnson. Hostler for
the National Mail and Transportation
Company. Rustler stole Johnson milk
cow. The cow that furnished milk for
his motherless infant. Curly Bill made
the rustler drive the cow back from Sam
Simm rustler's herd, a foot, to Shakespeare.



The year before I went to Shakespeare, the Vigilantes hanged Sandy King and Russian Bill. This was on New Year's Day, 1881. No suitable tree grew within miles of the place, no wagon tongue that might be tilted was handy, and the crossbar of the corral gate had been taken down. But the dining room of the Grant House had heavy rafters, so there was no delay.

Moreover, it was convenient, for it was right there that the Law and Order Committee held the trial. The hanging was at midnight. The committee had waited until dinner was served and the tables cleared before going into action. The men were in jail, but it was a simple matter to overpower the guard by throwing a blanket over his head.

The bodies of Russian Bill and Sandy King were left hanging until the morning stage arrived --to serve as a warning to incoming passengers that Shakespeare was a place of law and order. One of those passengers was more interested in Russian Bill's boots than in the challenge of his hanging body, for they were new and his size, so he took them off and added them to his wardrobe. Then he helped in the burial, and breakfast was served.



STRATFORD HOTEL
North side of Stratford Hotel where General
Hunt waited on tables when a lad, before he
was elected Governor (seven) times of
Arizona.

Both prisoners had been given a careful hearing by men who had no confidence in the distant law of that time, and less in the ability of the jail to resist a rescue by the outlaw fraternity. They chose a jury and conducted the trial according to their conception of legal procedure.

Russian Bill's case was simple. He had stolen a horse, not because he needed the horse, but because he wanted to show how tough he was. But a horse was a horse. Sandy King's case was more difficult. He was a real bad man, therefore to be respected. He belonged to a gang of cattle rustlers and desperadoes who had headquarters in the San Simon Valley,

about 40 miles away in Arizona. He was out on straw bail at the time for killing a man in Silver City.

He had celebrated his arrival in Shakespeare by buying a gaudy silk handkerchief. When the clerk asked for money, Sandy shot off the tip of his little finger. The jury could see no homicidal intent in this, for Sandy could have shot him through the heart more easily; but could not consider it an accident. So after deep thought, the jury convicted him of being "a damned nuisance," as Uncle Johnny Evensen told me. In that day and place, it was just as great a crime to be a "damned nuisance" as a horse thief.

Sandy was so game that the committee almost commuted his sentence.

"I've done this to many in my time, and I ain't got any kick now that you've got me," he said, when the rope was being put about his neck. "Gimme a drink, boys, and I'll go to hell a-shoutin'."

Russian Bill begged for his life, as might have been expected of a horse thief.



John Ewing Price was the first captain of the Shakespeare Guards

He was never a pure-quill bad man, though he dressed the part and talked it. He had a fierce blond mustache and blond hair which hung to his shoulders; he carried a six-gun at each hip and a long knife in his boot, and was always telling how tough he was. But if he did not catch some remark, he said, "Beg pardon?" instead of "What-inelldgu say?" He was always quoting Keats, Shelley and other classics; few recognized the sources, but all knew Russian Bill did not make sense. Some months after his death, it was learned that he had been a member of the Im-

perial White Hussars of Russia, and his real name was Lieutenant William Tattenbaum. Caught in a money scandal, he had preferred flight to honorable suicide.

Curly Bill was the head of the gang of outlaws of which Sandy King was a respected member and by which Russian Bill was tolerated only because of the comedy his strutting held for those hard cases, and because of some spy work he did for them. More than six feet tall Curly was of massive bulk, and his formidable appearance was increased by his heavy beard. His vanity ran to red neckties. He was a remarkable pistol shot, and when he was in liquor, his favorite diversion was to shoot quarters from between the fingers of anyone willing to hold the target--and all were, for his temper was uncertain, and an invitation from him was a command. Many parts of the Southwest at one time or another put a price on him, alive or dead, but no one wanted to earn money the hard way, for Curly Bill was reputed to have stocked a private graveyard. Probably his victims deserved killing--so ran the easy tolerance of the time when immediate sensibilities were not irritated.

Danger was so common on the frontier that sudden and violent death left little shock. Rattlesnakes, which are still plentiful, at that time seemed to wait behind every rock, and Indians always threatened. Or a horse might break his leg in a prairie dog hole and hurl the rider to his death; or a man might lose his way in the waterless wilderness and die of thirst; or a simple ailment, for lack of proper treatment and sanitation might strike like lightning from a cloudless sky.

When the rustler, Charlie Williams, rode into camp one day with a bad gunshot wound, his friends laid him on a bed of boards with only a blanket beneath him, and covered his wound with a sheet to keep off the flies. Night after night they bet bottles of whisky on his being alive at sunrise, sharing their gains with the victim until he finally recovered. He lived to become a respected citizen.



CHARLEY W. McCOMAS,

Captured By Indians.

The above is a Photograph of young Charles W. McComas, whose parents, Judge McComas and wife, were killed March 28, 1883, a few miles north of Lordsburg, on the Southern Pacific R. R. The Indians carried off the boy, and his return is much desired. He is 6 1-2 years old, very large, weighs nearly 75 lbs., wears 6 3-4 hat, has light yellowish hair.

Please communicate any information to MR. JOHN M. WRIGHT, Silver City, New Mexico, or to E. F. WARE, at Fort Scott, Kansas.

(Please Post in a Conspicuous Place.)

Small posters, this size, were sent throughout the Southwest to announce the boy's capture by Indians. He was never found



Mr. and Mrs. George Martin.
He served at Ft. Bayard in the 60's

Desperadoes, when not working at their business, were like anybody else, considerate, honorable, good neighbors.

I remember the first time I met Curly Bill. My mother had just finished cooking supper in our one-room adobe house. My father was at the Atwood Mine. Only mother, my sister and I were at home. Someone knocked at the door. Mother opened it. There stood Curly Bill. We knew him by sight, but had never been so close to him. He had at that time incurred the wrath of Shakespeare, which had added to the price on his head. But that did not bother mother. She just saw a stranger at the door, and supper was ready.

"Good evening," she greeted him. "You're just in time. Emma, lay another plate."

"Thanks, ma'am," replied the most dangerous man in the Territory. "But somebody might see me here, and it would go hard with you. I have a clean flour sack, and I would shore appreciate it if you put some of those biscuits in it. I haven't any money now, but I'll drop by sometime and pay you."

"You don't have to pay me, Curly." My mother smiled. Into the sack she dumped most of the biscuits, a package of Arbuckle's coffee, and a large piece of steak, carefully wrapped in paper.

We noticed that Curly was looking at the Estey organ--our pride--which mother had brought from Virginia City.

"That," he said, "is the first organ I have seen since I left home, where my mother had one. She used to play it and sing to us kids. Never thought I'd do this sort of thing then. Well, ma'am, thanks. And don't tell anyone I was here, please!"



A group of Shakespeare miners

Otto Johnson, the hostler during the stagecoach days, had the only milch cow in camp, which he had brought in for his motherless infant daughter. Mattie, one of Curly Bill's outlaws stole the cow. Otto followed the tracks to the San Simon headquarters and took his complaint to Curly Bill. The outlaw leader was furious.

"We steal from stages, from the government and from corporations," he roared, "but not from babies!"



"That'll take some getting!"

Curly looked closer at the officer, then shouted, "Open the gate, Jim Hughes! The Lieutenant can have anything he wants, even my horse. He's the man who helped Sandy King through his bullet wound last year!"

John Ringo, whose reckless courage helped make outlaw history at Tombstone, was an especially welcome guest at the Hughes home. He was the hero of 11-year-old Mary Hughes. He had drifted into outlawry as the result of a cattle-sheep war in Texas, in which he killed three men who had bushwacked his brother. He was well educated, and his manner always carried the stamp of good breeding. Whenever Mary, scanning the country from the watchtower, saw him coming, she put on her prettiest dress and combed her glossy, black hair. John Ringo, when he spoke to her, made her feel like a great lady. He had read many books, and he told her of what he read, and this made Mary want to learn how to read. So he taught her English from the family Bible, and Spanish from a book he had picked up in Tombstone. He taught her how to write, and she took enormous pride in copying his beautiful Spencerian chirography.

The Indian threat evoked at Shakespeare the first national guard organization in New Mexico. This was the Shakespeare Guards, which was created August 8, 1879, and paid by the Territorial Government. It began with nineteen men and three officers, and was steadily enlarged until it included seventy-four men and officers. J. E. Price was the first captain, and R. P. Hart was first lieutenant. It took the field many times when the red raiders pressed too close, and its presence, I am sure, saved Shakespeare more than once.

I remember how my mother, my sister Ella and I used to watch the Indian signal fires high in the mountains when my father was working on the night shift at the mine. When he left, we barred the door and pushed a heavy, homemade table against it. We never had a fire or showed a light. When the wind blew through the greasewood and grass, it sounded like the crawling approach of the savages. This was up to the time when General Nelson A. Miles completed the

He made the outlaw who had stolen the cow drive her back home; made him do it a-foot, so he would not be able to run the animal, and gave Otto a body-guard of two men to see that nothing happened to him.

A few miles from Curly Bill's hideout in the San Simon Valley, Nick Hughes, Sr., in the late 1870's, began a cattle spread and built a ranch home. It was a massive, fort-like house of adobe with small windows, not much more than rifle openings, a watchtower and tall walls surrounding this structure. This was protection against the Indians, not against the outlaws who were his close neighbors. They were frequent guests at the Hughes home--such gunmen as Curly Bill, Joe Hill, Tom and Frank McLowery, Ike Clanton, Dick Lloyd, Billy Grounds, Zwing Hunt, Milt Hix, Jack McKenzie, John McGiel, Bud Snow, Sandy King and John Ringo.

One day Curly Bill and some of his men appeared at the ranch with ten horses. He put them into the corral and he and his crew went in to dinner. Soon afterwards, a small cavalry detail appeared. The soldiers halted their mounts in front of the wall, and studiously kept their hands away from their weapons, for Curly Bill's rifles covered them.

"What you want?" shouted Curly.

"I've come to get those government horses," replied the officer, riding forward.

pacification of the tribes in 1886, ending a long and bloody struggle the special bitterness of which began during the violence of the war between the North and South.

One of the sharpest fights took place near Cook's Spring, northeast of Shakespeare, a station on the old Butterfield-Overland stage line. Seven young men were trying to move some of the company's rolling equipment out of the territory so the Confederates, who had designs on New Mexico, could not get it. Mangas Colorado caught them in an ambush. Behind a barricade of rocks, these seven men fought until the last one died under the Indian bullets and arrows.

The same story was repeated, with variations, countless times. An Indian raid was in progress when O. W. Williams came to this country in 1880. As he relates in his "In Old New Mexico," Sam Dycus, driver of the stage, lashed his horses to a gallop down the Burro Mountains, and Williams and the other passengers, grasping guns, were tossed from side to side and bounced up and down. They would not have been able to aim even if the savages appeared. Dycus' wild drive took him ahead of the Indians to Knight's stage station, a heavily walled ranch house, with a guard of soldiers, a few miles from Shakespeare.

On March 28, 1883, Judge H. C. McComas, his wife and small son left Silver City in a buckboard for Pyramid, the former Leitzendorfer, not far from Shakespeare. Apaches waylaid them in Thompson Canon, near today's Tyrone, killed the grown-ups and kidnapped the boy. The Shakespeare Guard went after the band but could not catch up with it. No one ever knew what became of the little boy. That was sixty-five years ago, but the story is still told in this part of the Southwest.

This tragedy inspired, three days later, an April Fool hoax which could have taken place only where it was necessary for men to laugh if they were to keep their sanity.

A tenderfoot from New York had recently arrived to take charge of the telegraph key at Pyramid. He was terribly afraid of Indians, and so became a target for all the gruesome stories the community could produce from fact or fiction.

The McComas tragedy threw him into a panic.

A little before midnight on March 31, three men awoke him with the alarm that the Apaches were coming!

"Look!" they said, pointing towards the moonlit valley. "There they come, just a-helling!"

The young telegrapher looked and saw the tall yuccas which to his excited imagination became mounted Indians with large war bonnets. It was a natural error: even old-timers had more than once made the mistake.

The men thought he would split the wind with his flight and that they would give him the horse-laugh when they showed him he had been running from a yucca. But he stuck. He forgot himself in the peril--as he thought--of others. Dashing to his key, he put the alarm on the wire, and so aroused Shakespeare.

How well I remember that night! Most of the men were away, trailing the McComas slayers. The few who were left rushed to the store for ammunition, and everybody took refuge in the Grant House. There we piled high the rocks in the windows, leaving only rifle-slits, and prepared to make our stand.

We were in a strange state of undress, clad on the run in what we happened to grab when the alarm awoke us. All except one, that is, and she was attired as if for a party.

She was our neighbor, Mrs. W. D. Griffith. She had a beautiful, full-length mirror, which was the envy of Shakespeare. When my mother opened the door to her home, Mrs. Griffith was standing in front of that mirror, carefully adjusting her wig.

"How can you do such a thing when we may all be scalped any minute!" my mother exclaimed.

"My dear," replied Mrs. Griffith, "if I am to be scalped tonight, I want to have something that looks like hair--to fool that Indian."

The Pyramid joke took longer to work out than the hoaxers had expected, but the laugh, when it did come was big and hearty. It was on everybody, not just the telegrapher. But it helped carry us through the anxiety of waiting for the return of our men in the Shakespeare Guards,

which was on April 13, and that unlucky number became for us a symbol of rejoicing.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC entered New Mexico, driving in from Arizona in 1880, and Shakespeare joined in the popular song of the day:

The railroad cars are coming,
Humming through New Mexico.
The little dogs in Dogtown, they
Wagged their little tails;
For there is something coming,
Riding on a rail.
The rattlesnakes showed their fangs,
And the owls, Hoo, Hoo, Hoo!
For there is something coming,
Riding on a rail.
The railroad cars are coming,
Humming through New Mexico.

That was the end of the stagecoach era which had made Shakespeare. It was also the Requiem of Shakespeare, though that roaring community did not know it then. How could it imagine that the insignificant Lordsborough, as the railraod station three miles away was first named, would beat its time! Shakespeare had the mines, and they were turning out an enormous volume of silver and some gold. Uncle Johnny Evensen rolled along with the prosperity current. He quit postmastering for prospecting, and staked out claims which he later sold for \$20,000. Our city waxed in importance under the new security which came with the settlement of the country.

OLD SETTLERS OF SHAKESPEARE



RICHARD HART, Standing

WALTER T. HART, Seated

Graduate of Yale University. Wealthy, but craving adventure, opened up the Atwood, Henry Clay and Yellow Jacket mines, built or remodeled an old Adobe house. Owned and operated an Assay Office in Shakespeare; also a large cattle ranch in the Burro Mountains, north of Shakespeare.

Guards oldest Military Company here organized and commissioned by a territorial governor, August 8, 1879.

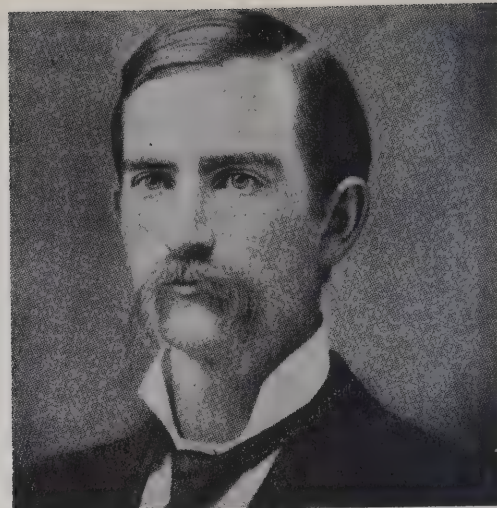
John E. Price-----	Chaplain
R. P. Hart-----	First Lieutenant
Walter T. Hart-----	Member
John N. Evensen-----	Member
(Uncle Johnnie)	



Lordsburg old timers re-enacted this scene



PETER JOCHEM
Day pumper for S. P. R. R. Well at
Shakespeare - 1887 - until well
was abandoned.
Pioneer of Shakespeare - 1880.



OSCAR WALDO WILLIAMS
Pioneer of Shakespeare - 1880.
Had mining property there.
Wrote history of Shakespeare and
was a Texas Historian.



EMMA M. MUIR AND SISTER



E. C. BELL AND FAMILY
Old Pioneer family.
E. C. Bell was postmaster at one time.
One of the few republicans to hold that
office in Lordsburg, New Mexico.



ANTON MEZZANOVICH
A 6th U. S. Cavalry man at the
Tombstone Helldorado Celebration
October, 1929.
Lived in Shakespear in the early
80.
Author of "Trailing Geronimo."



H. L. GAMMON
Father of Nat Gammon.
Manager of the Hidalgo Hotel.

THE GHOST TOWN OF MANY NAMES

Grant-Ralston-Shakespeare

By Emma M. Muir

Today Shakespeare is only a horse ranch, a mine and a crumble of adobe buildings and over the hill by the side of the old Butterfield Stage road is the cemetery where rest Russian Bill and Sandy King, two-gun desperadoes who were hanged from the vigas of the best hotel because there were no trees; and Jimmy Hughes a handsome cowboy known as the Sweetheart of the San Simon Valley; and Sam Ransom, the best known horseshoer of his day and later the discoverer of the famous 85 mine; and two pony-express mail riders who were killed during the bloody days of Indian raid; and Uncle Johnny Evensen, first keeper of the stage station there; and a doll of mine, clasped in the arms of my girlhood playmate, Jane Hughes--a doll I nursed all the way from Virginia City, Nevada, when I rode the hot, dusty and slow train to Lordsburg in 1882, two years after the rails had pushed into New Mexico, and from there took the stage to Shakespeare, an ancient city in comparison, for it was able to count nearly twenty years of exciting history.

You would never think, to look at Shakespeare today, that it once had a population of 3000 and was a powerful factor in the winning of this part of the Southwest in which it was civilization's outpost at a time so tortured by Indian warfare that to keep from being wiped out it had to organize the first militia in the territory of New Mexico, The Shakespeare Guards, twenty-six men and officers, created August 8, 1879.

How closely history repeats itself! Our automobile age thrilled to the newspaper headlines of 1928 on the opening of an all-paved highway from the east coast to the west coast through this part of New Mexico. Seventy years before, along a route which parallels this U. S. Highway 80 and is only a few miles from it, John Butterfield opened the first transcontinental transportation in this country's history with his overland stage line.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 touched off the greatest movement of population this continent had ever known. The westward surge first moved by covered wagon, then by steamship south to Panama, and after crossing the isthmus, by steamship north to California. Butterfield, a stage-line operator in New York, created the transcontinental service through unknown and Indian infested desert land to give quicker and more regular connection between the east and west. In one year's time he laid out the route from St. Louis to San Francisco, erected 165 relay stations, built 100 Concord Coaches, and bought, trained and distributed 1,200 horses, 600 mules and 750 men. His first stages left their respective terminals September 16, 1858, the year of another stupendous accomplishment, the laying of the first Atlantic cable. The Butterfield stage never took more than twenty-five days to make the run, and once they did it in sixteen--amazing speed!

No wonder "overland" entered daily speech to denote surpassing excellence; stores advertised "overland" hats, "overland" boots, "overland" coats and pants, even "overland" chickens and eggs; and El Paso gave the name Overland to the street by which the stage entered that settlement.

The Concords traveled day and night, drawn by four to six horses or mules, which were changed every fifteen miles or so; they averaged five miles an hour over the bad stretches, but picked up speed where the going was better; they carried six passengers, three hundred or so pounds of mail, and some express. The passenger fare was \$200, the express rate \$1.00 a pound, the letter charge was three cents per half-ounce.

Only two years did the Butterfield line operate. In 1861 the war between the states broke out, and the United States, to protect the flow of California gold, moved the mail route into Northern territory, via Salt Lake City. By that upper route Mark Twain traveled to Nevada.

In the twelve years since the discovery of gold in California, especially in the two years of the Butterfield operation, the Territory of New Mexico made greater progress than they had during three hundred years of Spanish and Mexican possession. Many settlers dropped out of the California parade to take up ranch life in this spacious part of the Southwest; little by little the unknown wilderness yielded its secrets and the County of Arizona in the Territory of New

Mexico became the Territory of Arizona in 1863.

Stage transportation returned to the Butterfield route after the war between the states, operated by the National Mail and Transportation Company, but not over the entire distance, for advancing railroad iron, from east and west, steadily shortened the line. In 1867, Uncle Johnny Evensen opened a stage station at Shakespeare, because of the spring of water there and because it was on an alternate approach to Arizona, through Stein's Pass. One approach was via Barney, on the edge of today's Lordsburg (then wilderness) through Doubtful Canyon; the other was by Leitzendorfer's well, less than a dozen miles away, through Granite Gap.

These three routes were necessary, for in 1863, the Indian tribes, up to then friendly or at least passive, had risen against the white advance, and begun the terrible warfare which was not ended until 1886.

The little stage station was first known as Grant, in honor of the general who had saved the Union, but it did not long keep that name. A prospector prowled the near-by Pyramid Mountains, picked up some ore outcroppings, and took them to William C. Ralston, then at the flood tide of his fabulous career, in San Francisco. The Comstock Lode of Virginia City, Nevada, was pouring its silver wealth into Ralston's Bank of California. Now excited by specimens which assayed 12,000 ounces of silver to the ton, Ralston organized an expedition to Grant in 1870, laid out the Virginia Mining District, 6x20 miles, according to the mining laws of Nevada and registered it in Tucson, and began to organize a company, 6,000,000 pounds sterling, in England, to exploit this new strike in the territory of New Mexico. Grant was renamed Ralston, and the inrush of population immediately qualified it for a post office.

The Ralston claims were jumped when someone discovered that they had not been registered under the laws of the territory of New Mexico; litigation tied up all development work. The town died as quickly as it had sprung up.

Philip Arnold and John Slack, 49ers who knew all the angles, galvanized it into life. They bought some diamonds in the rough, and before long, Banker Ralston was listening to their story of how the ground was freckled with such precious stones near the settlement named after him and of their being driven from the delightful harvest by Indian attack.

Ralston, ever cautious, sent David C. Colton of the Southern Pacific. Both going and coming he had been blindfolded but there he unearthed diamonds--real diamonds. He assured Ralston that the field was genuine. This report from a conservative, sane official of the Southern Pacific assured Ralston that the find was genuine! Ralston cabled his old friend Harpending. The cable cost a thousand dollars--Ralston shrugged his shoulders--he was thinking of a diamond field. A thousand dollars looked very small in comparison.

Tiffany and Company of New York pronounced the gems genuine and of great value. Mr. Tiffany suggested Henry Janin as the engineer to further investigate the field. Janin was ultra-conservative and the best mining engineer in the world. Ralston paid him \$2,500.00 and 10,000 shares of stock to make an extensive examination. When he returned with the "Old Forty-niners, Arnold and Slack, he handed Ralston a glowing report of the diamond field.

"With twenty or thirty rough laborers, I can easily wash out a million dollars' worth of diamonds a month." He assured Ralston and Harpending, "The Indians were out on the warpath--we couldn't dig much but think of diamonds I found in the gravel piles of the big, red ants."

Stock was selling at a great rate when Clarence King, government geologist whose job was to report on all new mineral discoveries, announced that this was the crudest case of salting he had ever known. Not only were the stones found in places where nature could never have deposited them; but some of the diamonds were easily recognizable as being of Brazilian origin, and others of South African.

Ralston, the town, again died; the population which had grown almost overnight to 3000--disappeared like fog in the hot desert sunshine.

I know that the Great Diamond Swindle has been placed, by some writers, in different parts of Arizona and Colorado. The records cited by them were undoubtedly left by the tricksters to confuse the search for the "field" before they sold their "claims" for \$600,000. My

authorities for placing it at Lee's Peak, near Shakespeare, are L. H. Davis, long-time mining editor of the El Paso Herald; Jim F. Berry of El Paso, diamond expert from Philadelphia; Frank Kellogg, mining man from Silver City; and Uncle Johnny Evensen. These men are dead, but I knew them in life. They visited the place they knew whereof they spoke when they said Lee's Peak was the scene of the salting. Uncle Johnny was there during the excitement. He used to tell me that one of the diamonds was never found and was therefore somewhere on the hill. I don't know how he knew this, but I spent many hours as a girl looking for the lost diamond of the Great Diamond Swindle!

Colonel John Boyle of St. Louis, a mining promoter revived Ralston and renamed it Shakespeare lest the old name prejudice mining investors. Late in the 1870's when old litigations were forgotten and old claims had lapsed for lack of working, he moved in and staked some valuable ore deposits. Walter and Richard Hart, wealthy Connecticut boys who craved excitement in the Southwest, followed, and had some hectic years of mining and ranching and Indian-fighting at Shakespeare. Dr. J. H. McLean, whose "volcanic oil liniment" is still on the market, also opened claims.

Uncle Johnny became Shakespeare's first postmaster (October 27, 1879), and Shakespeare became the center of mining development which wrested millions of dollars from the rugged Pyramid Mountains. They still yield copper, lead, silver and gold.

Shakespeare became a metropolis for an immense territory in New Mexico and Arizona. But it had no church, no club, no school, no fraternal organization; it had no bank, and people carried their money in leather belts, or buried it in cans. Our house had a dirt roof and as it was always leaking my father covered it with a shingle roof. This adobe ceiling insulation was our bank--sometimes father had as much as \$30,000 in gold buried there. He did his banking only on dark nights!

The general store was the supply center for that part of the Southwest; and Roxy Jay's Saloon had the longest and most ornate bar in New Mexico--the walnut and brass fixtures were made to order in St. Louis and dragged to Shakespeare by ox teams. It also had the best hotels in the Territory--the old Grant House and the more modern Stratford Hotel with its room partitions of unbleached muslin. George Hunt, later elected governor of Arizona seven times, for a time was waiter in the Stratford.

The Indian menace was always with us. The houses had thick walls and small windows, near which were piled rocks for filling them if the fight were brought home to us. The smoke signals of the savages by day, and their fire-gleams high up the mountain sides by night were to us common sights. When my father went on night duty at the Atwood mine, we always barred the door and shoved a heavy table against it. We did not dare show a light.

One of the grimmest tragedies was the murder, by Indians, of the beloved Judge H. C. McComas and his wife, and the kidnaping of their son, in 1883, a few miles from Shakespeare. The tree under which the mutilated bodies were found is still standing (on the Caesar Broch Ranch in Grant County, New Mexico), and helps to keep green the memory of the days when New Mexico was in the making.

From that tragedy, three days later, stemmed an April Fool hoax which could have taken place only where men must laugh to keep their sanity. A young New Yorker had recently arrived to run the military telegraph office at Pyramid about six miles from Shakespeare. He was in terror of Indians. Some men routed him out of bed with the shout that the Apaches were coming. He looked out of the window, and in the moonlight the tall yuccas looked like mounted Indians in large war bonnets. Even old-timers have made that mistake!

The jokers thought the youngster would run, but he stuck. Shaking in every joint, he pounded the telegraph key and aroused the entire country. The jokers went back to bed unaware of the telegraph operators bravery. Well do I remember that night--and the flight of all Shakespeare to the thick walls of the Grant House, where we waited terrible hours for the Indians to strike, until the joke was revealed and Shakespeare found relief in gargantuan laughter.

But when my father and W. D. Griffith returned shortly after leaving for work at the Atwood Mine, driving five packed Indian ponies, the laughter ceased and we realized how close the Indians had been that night. Father put the ponies in the stage corral and again the telegraph operator spread the news. Many people from the surrounding country came to see the ponies and the contents of the packs.

That night, John Stafford, member of the Territorial Militia, picked up another pony as he was escorting the Supt. of the Viola Mine to Pyramid.

Shakespeare had its bad men. When they were not professionally engaged, these desperadoes were like other people, considerate, honorable, good neighbors. I remember the first time I saw Curly Bill, who ruled a famous gang of outlaws, was a dead shot with pistol or rifle, and was reputed to have stocked a private cemetery. My mother had just finished cooking supper; my father was not at home. A knock on the door. She opened it. There stood Curly Bill. She knew a price had been set on his head, but in the hospitality of the time and place, she invited him in to supper.

"Thanks, Ma'am," said the most dangerous man in that part of the country. "But if anybody saw me here, it might go hard with you. I have a clean flour sack, and I would shore like it if you put some of your biscuits in it. I haven't any money on me, but someday I'll pay you."

"You don't have to pay me, Curly," mother replied, stuffing his sack with half the food we had on the table.

We had brought an Estey organ from Virginia City, Nevada. It caught Curly's eye. "That's the first organ I have seen since I left home; my mother used to play and sing to us kids. Never thought then I would do this sort of thing."

One of Curly's outlaws stole the only milch cow in Shakespeare. It had been brought in by a man for his motherless infant daughter. He tracked the cow to Curly Bill's headquarters in near-by Arizona.

Curly was furious. "We steal from stages, from the government, from rich men," he roared. "Not from babies!"

He made the outlaw drive the cow back to Shakespeare; made him do it afoot so he could not haze the animal; and he sent two of his men to protect the owner of the cow.

Sandy King was a pure-quill bad man and a valued member of Curly Bill's outlaws, with courage that was admired, and a reputation that was respected. He was hanged in the Grant House New Year's Day in 1881. At the Smyth, Long and Price Mercantile Store, Sandy bought a large gaudy silk handkerchief to protect his blond skin from the hot rays of the desert sun, and when the clerk asked for money, Sandy shot the very tip of his finger off. No doubt this playful mood had been aggravated by his recent visit to the Roxy Jay Saloon across the street. The Vigilante Committee could see no homicidal intent on the part of Sandy, who could just as easily have shot the man through the eye; neither could it make allowance for an accident but the committee had warned one and all that they were going to have law and order at any price so they convicted Sandy of disturbing the peace. He was out on straw bail at the time for killing a man in Silver City, forty miles away. Russian Bill was also in the little dugout jail on the side of the hill keeping Sandy company. He was a bad man, but not in Sandy King's class. He carried two guns, but he did more talking than shooting. He had been in Shakespeare two days bragging about stealing the horses that the railroad was using to build the road bed. So he was escorted to jail. The horses had been stolen all right but people doubted that Russian Bill had done the job. His case was not as simple as Sandy King's for the committee. So after deep thought, it convicted Russian Bill of being a "damned nuisance," which was as bad as horse-stealing, in those days.

Sandy was so game that the committee almost commuted the sentence.

"I've done this to many in my time, so I haven't any kick now that you have got me. Gimme a drink, boys," he said while the noose was being put around his neck, "and I'll go to hell a-singing!"

"Come all you jolly cowboys,
Come listen to my rhyme
You're men of different countries
And mostly men of crime
There is a hidden secret all
Smothered in each breast
Which brought you to New Mexico
Away out here in the West
I was born and raised in Texas
And never come to fame
A bumner by profession
C. W. King by name!"

The coming of the railroad in 1880 ended stage-coaching which had given Shakespeare its start. But Shakespeare continued its roaring course, never dreaming that the insignificant Lordsborough, as it was first spelled when the railroad spawned that station three miles away, would take the play from it. For Shakespeare had the mines, and they were producing enormously.

But Shakespeare's spring petered out; the demonitizing of silver in 1893 closed most of the mines; population drifted to Lordsburg, where the water supply was ample, thanks to the railroad. In 1899, the rise of copper to 17 cents stimulated the working of such ores in the Pyramids; but automobile transportation made residence near the mines unnecessary, so Shakespeare continued to crumble.

The wheel marks of the old stage line still show in the land where the scorings left by men long endure, to remind us of the great days of Shakespeare's past, when it played so important a part in the winning of the Southwest.

In later years when the 85 mine was developed a railroad was built to the mine, it passed through the main street of Shakespeare linking it with the far away world, but the shrill of its whistle never awakened the old Ghost Camp from its dreams. It still lies sleeping and Shakespeare is silent today with a quietness that follows excitement.

WOODS AND ARNEET EXPERIENCE



Old walnut tree where man was found hanging.

Mr. Jack Arneet and Mr. Buck Woods of Shakespeare on a hunting trip went up to Dog Head where the big game could be found in abundance. After they arrived to their hunting grounds and pitched camp, Jack Arneet, who was a very religious man, lay down underneath the wagon to study and read his Bible, while Buck Woods went hunting.

As Buck was walking down through a canyon he saw a man standing underneath a large walnut tree in the shade. Buck hollered "hello" and tried to carry on a conversation with the man. He didn't receive any answer so he thought that the man was a bit hard hearing, but as he approached the tree he saw that the man was hanging by his neck. The gentleman had been killed in Lordsburg and been brought to this area by the murders and robbers to hang.

The hanged, murdered man had had several hundred dollars on his person before he was killed, and he was waiting to leave for home to see his wife and children who lived several hundred miles from Lordsburg in another state.

OTHER GHOST TOWNS I HAVE SEEN

LEITENDORF

During the early days when the gold rush was on and competitive activities were rife in the areas where gold and silver were found, Leitendorf, approximately, four miles south and a little east of Shakespeare was inhabited with miners and prospectors. Some of the oldest and richest silver mines were developed in that area.

The Last Chance Mine, the furthest from the main road, has endured, but for several years remained idle, except a little activity in 1948. From this mine came a wealth of silver and gold, and the labyrinthian shafts, tunnels, crosscuts, stopes and chutes have become filled with water, and the timbers have rotted away.

The Viola, once another flourishing mine, the dumps from which are still considered rich with unrecovered ore, stands as another monument to those who sought to fill the pockets with the glittering stuff, and, like the Last Chance, has remained idle for many years. Likewise, too, the once solid timbers have rotted away, and bats and owls fly out into one's face as he peers down into the old workings in an effort to see below. This mine is about a mile and a half north of the Last Chance, and lies on the same mineral structure.

The Nelly Bly is another old landmark. The tailings run along close to the main road, and pillars of the old mill still stand like tombstones of dead days when, like the rest of them, the day's work ceased, and the spirit of conquest ceased to exist. It remains encased in a shroud of silence and inactivity, except for the birds and goats, and the owls and the other desert life that live within its haunts.

The Robert Lee mine lies just north of the Nelly Bly, and while the work is not so extensive, nor is it quite as rich, it, too, has been the scene of activity in the days gone by, and the old Leitendorf mines may someday come back into their own. In recent years, there have been a few attempts to operate some of these old workings, and the Robert Lee, latest of all.

Leitendorf has many landmarks of interest, one being an old tunnel dug under the ground only a short depth below the road. This tunnel is said to have been put in as a hide-out for the people living there from marauding Indians. Vent-pipes extend a few inches above the ground just above it, which could have been used for air vents or speaking tubes. (This, however, is my own idea.)

In the huge lava rocks along what is known as Rock House Canyon, there are places ground out for metates where apparently corn and other grain was ground up by either Indians or white people living there, and a little below and across the canyon stands the foundation of an old rock house with a fireplace built like it could have been intended for a smelter, or a small furnace of some sort.

Above this canyon a distance of nearly a mile, is a mountain of what cow-punchers and natives used to call "popcorn rock." A story goes that some cowboys made their campfire of this glassy rock, and when it got just hot enough it began to pop out into little balls like popcorn, white and grainy. Today, this rock is being prepared for a very important place in the homes of tomorrow, as an insulating material.

LEGEND OF THE KNEELING NUN

This is the tale as they tell it: How in the days of old,
Came the explorer and the soldier, seeking the glitter of gold;
Robbing and burning and killing, all in the name of the king;
Eye a-gleam for the honors, men to the conquerors bring.
After them came the fathers, close on the step the trod,
Holding aloft the sign of the faithful, chanting the glory of God.
Gentle were they, and tender, healing the wounds of pain,
Left by the sword and firebrand of the pitiless hand of Spain.

This is the tale as they tell it: How by the Aztec trail,
They builded an Indian Mission, the Knights of the Holy Grail.
Here in the desert they labored, teaching the Truth and the Light,
Showing the ways of another race to the savage sons of Night.

Fairest of all the workers was the Sister Teresa, the nun,
Teaching the Indian children, quickly their hearts she won.
Soon through the desert country where'er spread the Mission's fame,
Even the gurgling infants were trying to lisp her name.

This is the tale as they tell it: How Diego, the soldier came,
Staggering into the courtyard, weary and sore and lame.
Leagues had he crawled through the desert, seeking a kindly hand;
The last of all his comrades, dead in the new-found land.

Then through the long days of sickness, quietly there by his bed,
Watched the Sister Teresa, cooling his fevered head;
And while he raved of his tortures, there through the length of the night
Faithful, kindly and patient she watched for the coming of light.

This is the tale as they tell it; how Diego's eyes grew clear,
And gleamed anew with a shining light when the Sister nurse was near.
Hours they would talk together; he with his stories of strife,
Strange to her quiet seclusion, these tales of the struggles of Life.

So did their hearts grow fonder, till ever she bore in her mind,
The name of Diego, the soldier, and love to her vows was blind;
Till at last in his arms they found her. eyes like stars above,
Shining into the depths of her lover's, breathing the life of love.

This is the tale as they tell it: How on that fatal day,
Stripped of the garb of her Order, they turned the Sister away -
Forth to the desert she wandered, and builded an altar of stone.
There she knelt in her suffering, at last, with her God alone.

Then came the storm and the darkness, madly the thunder crashed;
Loud rolled the earth in its anger, cruel the lightning flashed;
And oft' through the night to the Mission was born her piteous cry;
"Oh Madre de Dios! Thy mercy on such as I!"

This is the tale as they tell it: How with the coming of light,
There where had been an altar, a mountain had grown in the night;
While before it was kneeling - so say the Mission flock -
The Sister of Theresa of yesterday, turned to eternal rock.

So in the desert country, through all the length of days,
Kneeling before her altar, for the erring souls she prays,
And oft' when the storm is raging they hear her piteous cry:
"Oh Madre de Dios! Thy mercy on such as I!"

(Anon. Ft. Bayard News)
Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Bell

PLAZA VIGIL

On the old Spanish Trail running from Santa Fe, down through Socorro, Hot Springs, Deming, Silver City and Lordsburg, near the Mimbres River, stands an old rock building that was formerly the stagecoach depot. At one time, it was known as Mowery City, and it was a part of the Gadsden Purchase.

General Mowery, it seems had large ideas of mercenary nature, and began to sell lots in that section, forming a company, and sold off spurious properties with no legal titles, and finally found himself very much alone and bereft of his civilian rights, sweating out time behind prison walls.

Plaza Vigil is a rambling, big house, with large rooms, and the walls are about twenty-four inches thick. At the present time, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell live there. They have kept it in good repair, and preserved the antiquity of it. They are truly genial people.

Across the road from this old rock house, and to the east, stands a part of an old adobe wall that was once a blacksmith shop. Scattered along the winding roads are ruins of other buildings. Here and there bits of slag and particles of ore may be found, indicating that whoever lived there were miners and prospectors hunting for the treasures of gold and silver.

A story runs that somewhere a short distance from there, a stagecoach robbery was planned, and the drivers had been warned. Arriving at Cow Springs, which later became a part of the Diamond A Ranch, the passengers were left, while the drivers attempted to make it through, but close to Faywood, the cargo was dropped, presumably into a canyon when the drivers jumped from the coach in an effort to make their escape.

One of the men got through and notified the Sheriff, but the other two were killed, and one of the bandits was shot, and Wells-Fargo brought the news to Cow Springs.

At the foot of the hill a trail leads up across the flats to Cook's Peak eastward, and to Lone Mountain to the westward. There are a few old-timers still living in Lordsburg and Deming, who remember the event as if it were only yesterday.

Many bits of old furniture, farm implements, bits of china, and old-fashion children's toys are found that could reveal many a thrilling story of adventure, if only they could speak, other than their mute presence.

HONDALE

West of Deming, and along the road that was once the Calumet-Arizona Railroad going down to Hermanos, is another Ghost Town.

This was once a fertile valley, where truck farms were planted, and homes inhabited, but it is now desolate, with only the old tin cans and bits of old machinery that was once a part of a canning factory.

With the coming of irrigation in that area, the possibilities are good for this old ghost village to become revived, and active again. Occasionally, and scattered about on the desert are old adobe foundations crumbling with the floods and the winds, and the sands that sweep along the flats.

There are many old, and almost forgotten villages such as these scattered through this southwestern country, whose history reveals many interesting events, but with the onrush of civilization and progress, there has been no time to delve too deeply into their past.



SILVER DOLLAR SALOON

Silver Dollar Saloon across the railroad tracks in the pioneer days of Lordsburg.

Picture above is: Eath Casto, (on horse), Robert (Arkansas) Black, (with arrow), Peter Yochem, Anton Mazonevich, Ed Belt, his son, Tom Belt, unidentified boy, and Pete Fairly.

INTERESTING STORY OF THE OLDEST RANCH IN VALLEY

The Oldest Ranch In The San Simon Valley

San Simon, Arizona

By Mrs. Emma Muir

When Nick Hughes built his fort like ranch home two and a half miles east from the old stage station in the San Simon Valley in the Territory of Arizona, the year was 1878.

At the adventurous age of fifteen, this Irish lad stowed away on a freighter bound for the United States. For a time he worked as a glass blower in Brooklyn, New York, but soon tired of the monotony of a regular job. He enlisted in the army in 1858 for a period of five years in Company C Fifty Regiment, U. S. Infantry but was transferred to Company K of the same regiment. Company K was sent to the Territory of New Mexico. It was a wild frontier composed of only nine counties and what is now Arizona was a county in the Territory of New Mexico. There was not a single Public School and few convents.

When he was honorably discharged in 1863, the large handsome blue eyed man courted and married a Spanish American girl, lovely Josefa Armijo of Old Town Albuquerque. Her family was one of the most respected pioneer families of New Mexico. They were shocked that their daughter would marry an American soldier after such a short courtship and before they could investigate his family in Ireland. But like so many of her friends Josefa fell madly in love with Nicholas Hugh and his blue uniform with the flash brass buttons.

The Civil War was not over and he re-enlisted after a short honeymoon with the understanding that he would be made a Corporal. This time he enlisted for only three years and when he was again honorably discharged, he had decided to make the west his home. His military experiences in the Territory of New Mexico's frontier had brought him in contact with all the hazardous experiences known to the hardy pioneer settlers.

The thinly settled wide open spaces of Mexico seemed a very likely place in which to ranch. He had mastered the Spanish language and spoke without an accent as did his family. It was a long tedious trek to Puerto de la Luna, Mexico. Josefa drove one of the covered wagons and her faithful old mosey, Juan, drove the other team. Juan did not approve of anything that his mistress had done since she married the fiery, lawless and ruthless young Irishman but his wife had been Josefa's nursemaid since she was born and having no children had loved her as her own.

"Ojala!", thought Juan, "why did I promise my wife that I would take care of Josefa but a promise made a dying person must be kept. I do not like this move to Mexico."

Nick Hughes had mustered five other adventurers and heavily armed they rode beside the wagon or drove the rumuda.

Life in Puerto de la Luna did not turn out as Nick Hughes and his companions had expected. As soon as they could accumulate a herd of cattle, they drove them to the border and sold them to contractors who supplied the San Carlos and other Indian reservations with beef. Hughes then took his family to Bernalillo County, New Mexico, Josefa, her children, James, John and Mary were glad to be back in the Territory again. Juan told his mistress that he would never again leave New Mexico.

Soon after December 20, 1870 when Nicholas Jr. was born, the Hughes family made a second trip to Mexico. This time their destination was Ascencion, Chihuahua, Mexico. Here he engaged in trade dealing in cattle and horses. He acquired livestock in Mexico and sold them to buyers on the border.

During the seven years he lived in Asencion, he prospered but did not wish to make it his permanent home. While in Mexico, he had made many trips to the San Simon Valley, the Piyas Valley and the little town of Ralston in the Pyramid Mountains. He liked this country and decided to move to the San Simon Valley--a rich grazing land--where he had many friends.

He chose the site for his ranch near the National Mail and Transportation stage station. This road could not boast that Captain Cook and his Mormon Battalion passed here in 1846. Somehow his guide missed the rocky gap of Stein's Pass or the narrow road flanked by perpendicular cliffs of Doubtful Canyon. Had he known of these passes, either would have saved him his long trek down to Mexico. The scouts for the emigrant trains soon discovered these passes and this cut off was used from 1858 to 1861 by the Overland Mail Co. of which John Butterfield was president. This was the longest mail route ever attempted and extended from St. Louis to San Francisco.

The beginning of the Civil War was the ending of this company. They were paid \$50,000 to break their mail contract and the wagons, horses and mules were sent to the Salt Lake division. Soldiers were withdrawn and the country thrown open to the Indians and outlaws.

After several years, The National Mail and Transportation Co. took over the abandoned stage station and followed the same route.

The ranch house and connecting large corral were built of double adobe walls for protection. There were four large rooms with adobe partitions. Two rooms on either side of the covered driveway were very much like a Mexican hacienda. In order to enter the driveway one had to pass through a strong gate, the only outside opening to the house or corral and which was always kept locked with a heavy chain and padlock. Passing between the four rooms under the covered driveway one entered the large adobe corral where the well was that furnished water for both the livestock and the house.

During the days of the Butterfield stagecoaches, the stretch between Cook's Peak and Apache Pass were the most dangerous road in the almost 3,000 mile route. Cochise had made peace in 1872 and the treaty had been kept until about two years after his death in 1876. Geronimo with the greater part of the Indians broke from the reservation and went on the warpath just as Nick Hughes was finishing his home with the help of Mexican laborers and adobe makers that he had brought from Asencion. When he learned of this he had the outside walls extended up a half story, pierced the bullet proof walls with portholes and made the house unapproachable without permission of the family. The portholes were wide on the inside and only a little larger than the barrel of a gun on the outside.

A man standing on the roof with a pair of field glasses could sweep the valley up and down for miles, see every man on horseback, every horse or cow and watch the stagecoaches, freight teams, emigrant trains, horsemen, army pack trains or prospectors driving their burros. From this lookout could be seen the pony express entering the San Simon Valley from any of the three mountain passes, Doubtful Canyon, Stein's Pass of Granite Gap, or Ft. Bowie. No one could approach the Hughes Ranch without being seen.

During its existence, the well known ranch was visited by many persons among them good, bad and indifferent. Following the custom of the times, all persons passing by were invited to dismount, rest their animals and eat. Among this throng were many outlaws, who stopped at the ranch. William Brocius known through all the west as Curly Bill, Joe Hill, Tom and Frank McLowery, Ike Clanton, Dick Lloyd, Billy Grounds, Zwing Hunt, Milt Hix, Jack McKenzie, John McGiel, Bud Snow, Russian Bill, Sandy King and John Ringo.

John Ringo was born in Missouri as were so many of the citizens of the Territory of New Mexico. He was a schoolmate of Judge O. W. Williams in the William Jewell College at Liberty, Missouri. When his only brother was killed in a feud between cattle and sheep ranchers in Texas; he found the three men responsible and killed them. Then hunted by the law, he lived by his wits with the aid of his two six-shooters, rifle and double barreled shotgun. Occasionally he resorted to luck with the cards. When he finally drifted to Tombstone, Curly Bill recognized a valuable man in Ringo and welcomed him as his right-hand man. As was the custom of the frontier, John Ringo fulfilled all his promises to the letter. Once his word was given; he lived up to it or would die trying. He considered his life of little value and his reckless courage was partly due to this. He received letters regularly from his three sisters who lived with his

grandfather, Col. Coleman Younger in San Jose, California. The famous outlaws, the Younger Brothers of Missouri were his second cousins.

Little Mary Hughes living on this isolated fort like ranch with her three brothers, Jim, John and little Nick, looked forward with pleasure to Ringo's visits. He was so different from anyone she had ever known. Tall, lean and darkly handsome, he was a man of mystery. He was an educated outlaw and spoke a different language than his associates. He had evidently fallen far but he could not cast off his inherent refinement or his respect for womankind. Whenever she saw him coming toward the house, she rushed down the Indian ladder from the flat roof of their home; put on her prettiest dress and combed her straight black hair. Mary was large like her father although only eleven years old. She had his fair complexion with her mother's soft brown eyes. When Ringo spoke to her, it made her feel like a grand lady--like the ladies must have felt in the stories he told her of far away places and how the people lived there. She learned to read English from the Bible and Spanish from a book that he gave her. He told her of lands and people far away and delightful stories about them. When she read well he praised her. It was always with deep regret that she bade him good-by when he rode away after his horse had rested. He would mark a new lesson in her books and she would religiously read them aloud everyday until he returned so that he would be pleased at her progress. He wrote lines in his beautiful Spencerian hand for her to copy.

On one trip to Ralson with her father, Mary bought a large black silk handkerchief. She cut off the machine stitched hem, drew the threads and hemstitched it and embroidered J. R. in one corner. When Ringo came by on his next trip to Curly Bill's hideout, he was very pleased with his present. Mary had learned from her convent educated mother to do exquisite handwork.

Once Curly Bill came to the Hughes ranch with about ten horses, which he asked to be placed in the adobe corral. The second day a lieutenant and some soldiers arrived from Fort Bowie. They sat on their horses but did not touch their guns as Curly Bill and his men had them covered from the portholes.

"I've come to recover the Government's horses," called the lieutenant.

"Just try and get them!" shouted back curly Bill as he stepped on a box so that he could look over the wall. Then he recognized the lieutenant as the man who had given Sandy King medical attention the past year when he was wounded in a gun fight.

"Unlock the gate!" shouted Curly Bill to Jim Hughes, "The lieutenant can have anything I've got and if he wants my horses give 'em to him too!"

Although Mary and her little brother had been cautioned not to unlock the gate and go out, they once found the key and slipped outside. It was a balmy spring morning and the children walked aimlessly toward the cienega.

"Look, Mary," said Nick pointing ahead, "there's an Indian camp. I wonder where the Indians have gone?"

"Let's take some of their things," suggested Mary, as she began picking up a basket, a pair of moccasins, a string of beads, a water jar calked with pine pitch and a richly ornamented saddle bag."

Nick grabbed a bow and some arrows and they ran home. The Indians never molested the strong fort like ranch home but a lookout was almost constantly on the roof during the day.

Everyone was now talking of the coming of the railroad. It had reached the Dragon mountains, just beyond Benson and was crossing the Sulphur Springs Valley, passing over a point once occupied by the sanient Lake Cochise, where the prosperous little town of Wilcox now stands. For hundreds of years the Apache Indians held absolute dominion over this section of the country. Although Geronimo was on the warpath during the building of the railroad, the construction crew was never attacked. Part of the time a military escort moved along with the railroad men for their protection. Perhaps this is the reason they were never molested but the Indians or white renegades stampeded their horses and mules at many places.

There was a rumor that the train would reach San Simon station named after the stage

station on September 15, 1880. Early that morning, the Hughes family were up and preparing to go. Their father had tried to describe a train to them but it all seemed impossible. Imagine an Iron Horse pulling many wagons!

"I'm not going unless I can ride Streak," stated little Nick, "that old coach can't go fast enough if something happened."

When the horses were hitched to the old Butterfield Concord Stagecoach, which he had bought, Nick Hughes put his family in and drove to the Olney's ranch and picked them up. Nick was riding his fastest horse and kept asking questions about the railroad train. At the stage station of San Simon, they picked up Mrs. Sarah Hays, wife of the station keeper and took her with them to see the coming of the train. After waiting several hours and visiting with the crowd someone shouted, "Here she comes!" Far down the track, a thin streak of smoke could be seen. As it grew nearer one could make out the engine, puffing up the slight grade and everyone jumped when it whistled.

"So that's an Iron Horse," mused little Nick, keeping a discreet distance from the monster. "I wouldn't ride in that thing."

The wood in the old Hughes' house and the stalls have been carried away; the adobe walls have melted back to earth but on the site are to be found a few of the foundation stones, (rocks) the chimney foundation and some rusty horseshoes are scattered about--objects which serve to remind oldtimers of the thriving cattle ranch which once stood there, or recall days of trail-driving, when they penned their herds in the Hughes' high adobe corral, for protection against Mexican Bandits or Geronimo and his wiley braves. And so it goes--an old landmark is almost gone--and with a tinge of regret we mark it's passing.

CAESAR BROCK REMEMBERS MANY AN INDIAN AMBUSH

By Mrs. John T. Muir

Caesar Brock, pioneer and cattleman living in the Burro Mountains between Lordsburg and Silver City on the old stage road, can point out the exact location of many an Indian ambush.

In 1871 Caesar's stepfather Roger Yeaman, with his family left Burlestone County, Texas, heading west, they passed through Franklin (now El Paso), hardly noticing the small village, the few persons living there then were California bound emigrants.

The family moved up the river to Mesilla, New Mexico Territory. Mesilla, a Mexican village, was the most important town along this stretch of the Overland trail to California. They settled above Mesilla at a place called Dona Ana.

In 1874 they moved up to Fort Selden, where Caesar's stepfather ran a butcher shop and the ferry across the Rio Grande during high water. The only flood crossing between Fort McRae (near the place now known as Elephant Butte.) Soldiers were ferried across free and in return the ferryman received daily rations for two from the post. Immigrants were ferried for a dollar a man, and horses or wagons the price varied, with the depth of the river.

West bound immigrants, without money, at "stream bottom rates." At Seldon they lived in the Suthers store at the north edge of the post.

In July 1933 the lower portion of the walls were standing, gaunt and ghost like.

We find in 1876 the family located at Burro Springs taking charge of the Overland Mail Stage Station belonging to the National Mail and Stage Co.

On their way from Fort Seldon to Burro Springs they stopped at Slocum's ranch, a stop on the old Butterfield route west of Mesilla, place now known as the H. S. Bissel ranch. Here they paid for their water for stock, 10¢ per head a charge they made latter at Burro Springs.

Burro Springs was the main stop between Silver City and the Gila River on the Silver City Globe stage line, this was a year after the road had been opened, the former owner having been killed and robbed.

In 1876 the Indians killed nine Mexicans a short way above Burro Springs in a narrow canyon. A Mexican woman escaped with her baby by slipping out of the wagon and hiding in the rocks. The group killed were Musicians returning to Dona Ana after playing in Arizona mining camps, so Mr. Brock told us.

How well Caesar Brock recalls a day in 1878 when Charlie Bachelor on his way to Globe, Arizona stopped for a 3 o'clock lunch at Burro Station. He drove a canvass topped hack between Globe and Silver City, making a round trip a week. His itinerary called for an overnight stop at Burro Springs, making Ash Springs the next day. During the meal Charlie Bachelor turned over the pepper box, someone at the table said, "Charlie, that is sure a sign of bad luck." In answer he said he had a hunch that the Apaches were out on the war path and would attack him on the trip. A feeling of fear came over the group but they could not persuade him to stay overnight.

He believed the Apaches would try to ambush him near Ash Peak (below Duncan) so he intended to try to pass Ash Spring during the night.

Heavily armed and alone he pulled out of the steep canyon and hit the long down grade of Corral Canyon three miles west of Burro Station. Here he was jumped by three Apaches, a shot killed a mule and the stage coach turned over on its side.

The following day Charlie Bachelor was found dead by Jesus Duran a mail carrier from Clifton a short way out of the canyon and half way up a small hill, behind a small oak, a 45-70 had pierced a deck of playing cards in his shirt pocket. Empty cartridges scattered around showed that the Indians were using government ammunition. Taking a five gallon keg of whiskey from the stage coach the Indians went to the near-by spring.

The horses got away, returned to the station. Caesar Brock penned the horses and the station keeper knew the Indians would return that night for them. They returned, but failed to get the horses.

Shortly a detachment of soldiers from Fort Bayard with Jim Wood as scout took the Indians trail.

At Caesar Brock's ranch in Thompsons Canyon still stands the beautiful Walnut tree under which Judge McComas and his wife were killed. Their little son Charlie, was carried away by the Indians. Mr. Brock has protected this tree since March 28, 1883 from prowlers and wood cutters.

That same morning near where the McComas were killed Caesar Brock while returning from warning the people in the canyon and the station keeper and family at Knights ranch that the Indians were out from the reservation, he was jumped by two Apaches, they shouted, "Me Soldier," pointing to the familiar red band worn by the army scouts. They tried to force him from the ridge top into the canyon in the part of the main body of Indians. An Indian took a shot, Brock returned fire knocking the Indian down.

Mr Caesar Brock has done more than any other man in this section of New Mexico to win their country from the Apaches.

Mr. Brock has three married daughters, each a successful rancher, Mrs. Tom McCauley of Cliff, New Mexico; Mrs. Charlie Ray at the home ranch and Mrs. Walter Doolittle near Hot Springs, New Mexico.

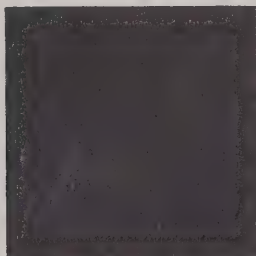




EDNA HILL
Born in Stratford Hotel, Shakespeare,
New Mexico, 1880.



WILLIAM MARBLE BELT
THOMAS BELT
William Marble Belt born in
Stratford Hotel, Shakespeare,
New Mexico January 29, 1888.
Thomas Bell born in 1900.



E. J. WOOD
Age: 6 years.
Born in 1877.



RUFUS AND FRED SMITH
Shakespeare's Children



NAT GAMMON
One of Shakespeare's babies. Father
a Mill' Right. He built the mill at
Pyramid and Shakespeare, New Mexico.
Nat Gammon is part owner and manager
of the Hotel Hidalgo and is known by
tourist from the Atlantic to the Pacific
Oceans.
H. L. Gammon is Nat's father.



VIOLA RANSOM
Age: 1 year, 1 month.
Born in Shakespeare, New Mexico.
Father was a horse shoer for the
National Mail and Transportation
Stage Company and discoverer of
the 85 Mine.
Viola Ransom is now Mrs. Viola
Ransom Word and Historian for
the National Indian War Veterans
Lives in San Francisco, California.

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Age: 4.
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BARBARA SUE GALE



DAMON DUNAGOEIS DAUGHTER



BILLIE PAINDIETER
Age: 4-1/2.
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